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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

OUR PRESIDENT, WIN, LOSE OR TIE

On the eve of the Democratic convention, while Teddy Kennedy was plotting to wrest the nomination from him in New York, what was Jimmy Carter doing? Fly-fishing near Camp David. Last weekend, the convention over and his nomination secured, the President again went fly-fishing, this time on Spruce Creek outside Franklin, Pa., a secret hideaway of his that, thanks to a story in the *Albion Mirror*, is no longer secret. Something else now out in the open is this: the President is so smitten that he recently starting tying his own flies.

A couple of weeks ago, even as his ratings in the polls were sinking to all-time lows and the controversy over Billy Carter was swirling about him, the President spent four hours of a Saturday afternoon visiting with a dozen prominent anglers and fly tyers on the lawn of the home of Tom McFadden, the superintendent of Caroctin Mountain Park, which includes Camp David. It was a very informal show-and-tell session, topped off by a picnic lunch of hamburgers, corn on the cob, grits and salad.

Carter inspected some handsome bamboo rods brought by Tom Maxwell of H.L. Leonard Rod, Inc. and Frank Thompson, a rod collector from Beltsville, Md. He chatted with John Randolph, managing editor of *Fly Fisherman*. He watched Eric Leiser, author of *Fly-Tying Materials* and proprietor of The Rivergate, a fly-fishing shop in Cold Spring, N.Y., tie a Chuck Caddis. The President admitted he had trouble tying both the Muddler Minnow and the Irresistible. When he tied a Muddler, the wings kept slipping off to the side, while the deer-hair tail on the Irresistible had a way of flaring instead of lying straight. Leiser showed Carter how to solve both problems with the tying thread. "The Muddler and the Irresistible are both advanced flies," Leiser says. "They're not for beginners. The President's really interested in fly tying. If he were in Cold Spring he'd be a reg-

ular at our Thursday night sessions."

In fact, Carter was so absorbed in tying that McFadden had to interrupt to warn him that the hamburgers were getting cold. After lunch, two accomplished flycasters, Barry Beck and Ed Shenk, demonstrated casting techniques. Vince Mannaro, author of *A Modern Dry Fly Code* and a strikingly innovative tyer of realistic flies, drew a presidential chuckle when he said, "My imitations are made love to by every bug in the country." Everyone eventually went indoors, where Jim Galford, a former professor of biology at nearby Hood College, showed color slides of aquatic insects in Big Hunting Creek, which flows near Camp David. According to one of those present, the President told the gathering that if there were anything he could do for the cause of clean water, he'd like to know and he'd be happy to help. He also confessed he finds fly tying rejuvenating. When Leiser at one point remarked, "Tying is very relaxing after a tough day," Jimmy Carter replied, "We all have one of those now and again."

FACING THE MUSIC

Thwarted, at least for the moment, in their acrimonious, much-publicized effort to bolt to Los Angeles, the Oakland Raiders are playing once again in Oakland Coliseum. Because of delays caused by legal maneuvers over their attempted move to L.A., the Raiders were three months late in processing season-ticket applications, and when they finally got around to that task, they found Oakland fans openly bitter about the club's intended defection. To make matters worse, the Raiders looked dreadful in losing their preseason opener at San Francisco, 33-14. Last Saturday night they faced the music at home—and beat New England 31-29. Attendance was announced as 41,649, but some press-box observers suspected that the real figure was less than 40,000. Even as announced, it was the smallest turnout for a Raider game in six years.

WHITETAILS, FLAMING LOCKS

Based on Ben Feder's experience, deer hunters would be advised to shave their heads before stalking game, especially if they frequent fancy hair salons. It seems that deer don't go for well-tended locks. Mind you, Feder isn't a hunter himself. He's a real-estate man and a vintner whose Clinton Vineyards Seyval Blanc is among the choicest of New York white wines. And until recently he was beset by whitetails that hung around his 100-acre farm in Clinton Corners, N.Y. and grazed on the vines.

Feder might have spread chicken wire on the ground, which some similarly vexed farmers do on the theory that deer don't like stepping on it. Or he might have hung out old clothes, a trick other farmers resort to in hopes the human scent will drive off the animals. But Feder insists that human hair is the most effective repellent. He doesn't use just any old hair, either. He gets his tresses from Kenneth, the Manhattan hair stylist who coils the likes of Jackie O. Lauren Ba-



call and, when the couple is staying at their New York City apartment, Feder's wife, Kathy.

"Basically it's clean hair because Kenneth doesn't cut until after it's been shampooed," says Feder. "Then it's all swept up from the floor and put in big garbage bags for us. We make a twist of it and tie it in clumps on low wire 12 inches off the ground and place it every 20 feet or so. This year we've used more hair than ever before, and we've suffered the least damage." Feder couldn't say

continued

whether the shampoo Kenneth uses might in any way help repel the deer or whether the animals could be simply too dazzled to feed; as he notes, "The hair comes in all colors—flaming red, white, golden blonde, blue." In any event, the man who supplies the hair seems just as impressed by the results as Feder is. Says Kenneth happily, "Do you think this can be marketed nationally?"

DEPARTING FROM THE SCRIPT

It happened at the end of the Lake Placid Games when members of the U.S. Olympic team were gathering for a flight to Washington, where they were to be honored by President Carter. The athletes were besuaged by fans, one of whom, a 6-year-old boy, had an unusual request. As luger Ty Danco relates in the *Middlebury* (Vt.) College News Letter, the lad wanted them to print their autographs.

CRACKDOWN IN THE PAC-10

In one of the most dramatic developments yet in college sport's pervasive bogus credit scandal, the presidents and chancellors of Pac-10 universities last week punished five conference schools for transcript and curriculum abuses involving athletes. Meeting in Denver, they declared Southern Cal, UCLA, Arizona State, Oregon and Oregon State ineligible for this season's Pac-10 football championship, the 1981 Rose Bowl and all other postseason play. They also ordered Oregon, Oregon State and UCLA to forfeit a total of 21 football victories over the past three years and took away three of Oregon's football grants-in-aid for 1981. In addition, penalties were imposed on USC in track and Oregon in swimming. Describing the crackdown as "pretty jolting," Glenn Terrell, president of Washington State and chairman of the presidents and chancellors, said it would "certainly act as a deterrent" against future improprieties.

Inevitably, the penalties were assuaged as too weak by some, too severe by others. The latter included Southern Cal boosters, who expected their team, as usual, to vie this season for the Pac-10 title and a Rose Bowl berth. The perennially powerful Trojans have played in 10 of the last 14 Rose Bowls and, including appearances in the Liberty and Bluebonnet Bowls, have been tapped for bowl games for eight straight years, winning seven of them. For Trojan players, coaches, alumni and fans, next New

Year's Day will seem unusually empty.

Also unhappy with the Pac-10 action was a former UCLA football coach, Dick Vermell, who seemed to take the view that if the presidents and chancellors really wanted to get to the root of the bogus credit problem, they might look first at themselves. Vermell, who now coaches the Eagles, told the *Philadelphia Bulletin* that the penalties were "a bunch of baloney" and laid the blame for academic cheating squarely on administrators who "hire and fire football coaches on the basis of wins and losses. They don't give tenure like with a chemistry teacher. If the chemistry teacher was evaluated on 12 weekends on the basis of wins and losses, he'd probably find a way to make sure the students got a little better grade, too."

Pressure to win isn't an acceptable excuse for cheating, yet there is little doubt that such pressure does encourage wrongdoing. And as Vermell suggests, university presidents are often front and center in demanding the victories. Significantly, several of the Pac-10 presidents who imposed last week's penalties have either fired losing football coaches or pressured them into resigning. Coaches at two conference schools—Arizona State's Frank Kush and Arizona's Tony Mason—have lost their jobs over the past year for alleged wrongdoing rather than for failing to win, but Darryl Rogers, who holds Kush's old job with the Sun Devils, is probably still right when, invoking what he calls an old coaching axiom, he says, "They'll fire you for losing before they'll fire you for cheating."

Last week's penalties may or may not have been a first step toward reversing those priorities. But they certainly are a reminder that the underlying assumption of big-time college football—that bona fide college students can be found who are capable of winning football games and filling stadiums—may need some revision. As one of the Pac-10 presidents, Oregon State's Robert MacVicar, conceded, "Some students extremely talented in athletic ability simply do not belong in a four-year, research-oriented type of university. It simply isn't reasonable that they can survive in that environment unless you do things that are improper or irregular. If we can't have athletes who are successful students, intercollegiate athletics is a fraud and we ought not be a party to it."

STOCKS & SOX

The news last week that Merrill Lynch was considering buying the Chicago White Sox from Bill Veeck and his partners set the *Chicago Tribune* off on a flight of fancy. If the deal went through, the paper editorialized, Merrill Lynch "could run the Dow-Jones ticker across the scoreboard on game days, install phones in the dugouts so players could call their brokers when they're not at bat, and send brokers into the stands to hawk stocks like hot dogs during the game. And even if the White Sox lose, fans could still be bullish about America."

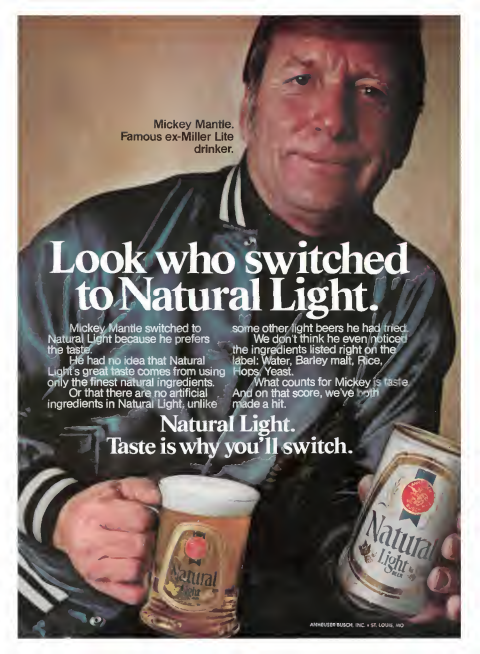
There is, indeed, an air of unreality about Merrill Lynch's interest in a club that nobody would mistake for blue chips like the Yankees and Dodgers or a glamorous issue like the Royals. At week's end the White Sox had a 48-65 record and seemed assured of finishing below .500 for the 10th time in 13 seasons. They also have suffered declining attendance for the past three years. Nevertheless, Eli Okman, a Merrill Lynch vice-president, said the brokerage house was contemplating buying the team and offering investors limited partnerships, an approach that has worked with real-estate ventures and oil and gas leases. Okman explained that owning the White Sox would provide substantial tax benefits, including player-depreciation allowances. He also intimated that, despite their recent difficulties, the Sox had growth potential: Merrill Lynch was thought to be particularly intrigued by the prospect of future cable-TV riches. All in all, said Okman, "we think there may be value there."

Makes sense to us. Still, diehard White Sox fans might wish Okman were a little less brutally analytical about the team's investment potential. "So what if they made four errors last night in New York?" he said one morning after the White Sox had done just that in an 8-4 loss to the Yankees. "That has no bearing on the financial side of things."

THEY SAID IT

• Johnny Unitas, shrugging off news that Oakland Quarterback Dan Pastorini had demonstrated his throwing prowess by heaving a football from a hotel parking lot to a sixth-floor balcony: "His receivers were on the second floor."

• Jim Frey, Kansas City Royals manager, asked what advice he gives George Brett about hitting. "I tell him, 'Attaway to hit. George.'"

A close-up portrait of Mickey Mantle, a middle-aged man with a friendly expression, wearing a dark jacket with white stripes on the sleeves. He is holding a glass mug of beer in his right hand and a can of Natural Light beer in his left hand. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Mickey Mantle.
Famous ex-Miller Lite
drinker.

Look who switched to Natural Light.

Mickey Mantle switched to Natural Light because he prefers the taste.

He had no idea that Natural Light's great taste comes from using only the finest natural ingredients.

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some other light beers he had tried.

We don't think he even noticed the ingredients listed right on the label: Water, Barley malt, Rice, Hops, Yeast.

What counts for Mickey is taste. And on that score, we've both made a hit.

Natural Light.
Taste is why you'll switch.

NOW THE RACE IS ON

Five wins in seven games with New York have put the Orioles in hot pursuit of another AL East title **by STEVE WULF**

To all intents and purposes the American League East pennant race began at 10 o'clock last Saturday night in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. That's when Earl Weaver threw a bag of sunflower seeds against the dugout wall and proceeded to engage the umpires in jaw-to-jaw combat. He had already been thrown out of the game, although he didn't realize it, and when Second Base Umpire Rich Garcia took the trouble to remind him, Weaver came out of the dugout, ran up and down three umps, paraded to second base and stood on top of the bag. Then he followed Umpire Steve Palermo home, and, with a malicious grin, kicked dirt between Palermo's legs and all over the plate while he was bent over trying to clean it. It was this bravura performance that signaled the onset of bona fide pennant hostilities. "I'd give Earl a 9.5," said Yankee Manager Dick Howser. "He didn't use his hat as well as he could have."

That there is a divisional battle at all this year is a pleasant surprise, considering that on July 14 the Orioles were in fourth place, 11 games behind the Yankees. But since then they have won 24 of 33 games, including 10 in a row in one stretch and five of seven with the Yankees over the last two weekends, reducing New York's margin to $3\frac{1}{2}$ games. Of course, anything can happen in the six weeks remaining in the regular season—the Yankees still haven't reactivated Burleigh Grimes and Twinkleses Selkirk, for instance—but, for now, the race is on.

About time, say Baltimore followers, who had been wondering whatever became of the team that had the best record in baseball last year while winning the AL East by eight games and romping through the Championship Series against Cal-

continued

The Orioles edged the Yankees 1-0 on Sunday when Crowley lined Tiant's pitch past first base to score Daser





ifornia. The Orioles' slow start this season has been attributed to several factors. "We've had a lot of little injuries," says Shortstop Mark Belanger. "Not like California, but they've hurt us." Says Catcher Rick Dempsey, "We didn't lose any games because of outfield play last year, and very few in the infield, but this season the defense has cost us a few." The Orioles' pitching has been about the same, given the superb year Steve Stone is having. But the heart of the team is the switch-hitting Ken Singleton-Eddie Murray combination: the Orioles didn't begin to come around until those two started hitting. Rightfielder Singleton has batted .338 over his last 59 games to raise his average from .236 to .289. Before he went on his tear, he had been only 4 for 56 with men in scoring position, but since June 11 he has been batting .438 in those situations. Since the All-Star Game, First Baseman Murray has batted .350 to raise his average to .294. There is only 4 to pitch around the pair: Singleton bats .286 from the left side and .293 from the right, while Murray is hitting .292 from the left and .298 from the right.

With the Orioles' early-season problems behind them, not to mention five East Division teams, Memorial Stadium was packed to the gills with fans and media for the rare five-game, Thursday-to-Monday series with the Yankees.

Although it is only August, the playoff atmosphere was pervasive. "It's like a mini-World Series," said Tippy Martinez, the Baltimore reliever. The weekend before, the Orioles had humiliated New York by pulling off three come-from-behind victories, rising to within 2½ games. The Yankees got one of those back by taking two of three from the White Sox while Baltimore was losing two of three to Kansas City. On Wednesday came news that New York had acquired Luis Tiant's boyhood idol, Gaylord Perry, from Texas for what is commonly referred to as the "stretch drive." At times like these, only clichés will do.

Meanwhile, Baltimore Mayor William D. Schafer declared "Oriole Mugs Week" and gave city employees early leave to attend Monday's 5 p.m. game. Weaver would have none of this fuss. "It's just one more game," he said. "Unless one team sweeps, this series won't mean much at the end of September. We've still got 50 games to go." Everyone was trying to be so casual about the series that Umpire Al Clark had to warn

the players against fraternization before the opener. It was also Weaver's 50th birthday, although old friends maintain he's 53. It would be just like Weaver to try to get an edge on time.

On a steamy cabinet of an evening, the Orioles opened with Steve Stone and the Yankees with Tom Underwood. From the time the 49,952 fans yelled "O's!" at just the right moment during the singing of *The Star-Spangled Banner* ("O's" say does that...?), the Orioles were in charge. They jumped off to a quick 2-0 lead. Reggie Jackson, Mr. August, halved it with his 32nd homer of the year in the second inning, but the Yankees would get only one more hit off Stone all night. Stone, who upped his record to 19-4, has been doing a Jim Palmer imitation all season, and unless somebody punches him, he'll give the Orioles their sixth Cy Young Award in the last 12 years.

The Oriole hitters had been rude to Underwood. Gary Roencke putting him away with a two-run homer in the sixth. In the seventh Rich Dauer and Singleton homered on successive pitches from Ron Davis. The Orioles' three homers in the 6-1 win were unusual for two reasons: 1) they went out in the exact same spot, next to the Tippy's Tweetees banner (for Pitcher Martinez) in leftfield, and 2) the Orioles haven't been hitting many homers. "I've never seen as many singles as I have this season," says Belanger. And that's not good for a team that depends heavily on what Weaver calls "Dr. Longball."

The Yankees were understandably glum after their seventh loss in the last 11 games. The next day Tommy John said, "I was going to jump out the window this morning, but I was only on the first floor."

When Bob Watson walked into the visitors' clubhouse Friday afternoon, he wrote the following message on the blackboard: MEETING AT 8:30. NO STAFF. "I've been wanting to call a meeting for two weeks," Watson said later. "We're pressing. When the pressure builds up, it's like being stuck on a bus in a mud-hole. The harder you press on the pedal, the further you sink in the mud. It's not until everyone gets off and helps push that you get started again." In the meeting such veterans as Watson, Jackson,

Bucky Dent, Rich Gossage and Lou Piniella spoke their minds. "Who do you think spoke the most?" asked Jackson, without waiting for the obvious answer. Something right must have been said because Willie Randolph hit Mike Flanagan's first pitch of the game over the right centerfield fence. Although Al Bumbry likewise led off with a homer for the Orioles, the tone of the evening had already been set. Jackson punched a two-run shot to the opposite field in the fourth for a 3-1 lead, and Rick Cerone singled in another run in the fifth, chasing Flanagan.

Oriole fans are very good at seizing one of their team's potent rallies, and when John gave up a double to Bumbry to lead off the seventh, all 50,434 were in full voice. They had already been whipped into a frenzy by one of Wild Bill Hagy's spelling bees and by the Oriole mascot astride a Big Apple, waving the Orioles' 1979 championship banner. Baltimore did score two runs, including one off Reliever Doug (The Fdrych) Bird, but when Gossage came in, it was



When Dr. Longball prescribes a homer, the gang in the Oriole dugout has plenty to shout about

all over. He struck out five of the last seven batters and the Yankees won 4-3. "Awesome," said Weaver. "A Japanese locomotive on a straightaway," said John Lowenstein, whatever that means. "You feel guilty telling the batters to go out there and get a hit," said Pitching Coach Ray Miller. "They look at you funny, as if to say, 'You try it.'" "Maybe we'll have a meeting every night," said Howser.

The Yankees didn't need one the next night. They had Gaylord Perry. On a beautiful, springlike evening, he held the Orioles to one run in seven innings before giving way to Gossage. Not bad for a guy who looks like a member of the grounds crew. He had some help, of course. Ruppert Jones, who had been playing badly in recent games, singled in the first inning, stole second, scored on Bobby Marcer's single and made a sensational catch in the second inning of an Eddie Murray drive. The ball was a home run for sure, but Jones leaped high, extended his arm over the seven-foot wall, reached back and snared it. Oscar Gam-

ble hit a two-run homer off Dennis Martinez in the fifth, and Eric Soderholm homered in the eighth for the Yankees' fourth and final run.

Dr. Longball was less generous to the Orioles, whose only run came on a Terry Crowley homer in the fifth. The Baltimore hitters were clearly bothered by Perry's do-I-or-don't-I routine. He paws the dirt about six times before each pitch, plays with the rosin bag, wipes his forehead four times and touches his cap twice. "And then he throws the ball exactly where he wants to," said Weaver. Singleton said Perry threw him only one spitter, on a 3-2 pitch, and it struck him out. "I took it as a compliment," said Singleton.

The Orioles' last chance at Perry came in the seventh, when they had runners on first and third with one out. After Doug DeCinces popped up, Pat Kelly was sent in to bat for Kiko Garcia. Kelly was called out on a checked swing. Third Base Umpire Dale Ford said he went around. Weaver said he didn't. Weaver

was yelling so hard at the umpires he didn't hear about his ejection. He went back down the runway for a smoke, and when he came out, Soderholm had just homered. That's when he threw the sunflower seeds.

Following the 4-1 loss, Singleton remained philosophical. "The pendulum swings," he said. And indeed it swung back the Orioles' way on Sunday, thanks to Scott McGregor, who allowed only six hits in a taut 1-0 victory over Tiant. McGregor struck out Jackson four times, walked only one batter and threw 102 pitches. "That's the best game I've ever seen Scotty throw," said his catcher, Dempsey. The only run Baltimore needed came home in the sixth after doubles by Dauer and Designated Hitter Crowley. Dauer's hit would have been a home run except that a fan in the leftfield bleachers touched the ball and it was judged a ground-rule double. Weaver argued the point to no avail, but his performance was much more undated than that of the night before. Then Crowley, one of Weaver's regular irregulars, made the point moot by smashing the ball inside the rightfield foul line behind first base.

Baltimore might have scored two innings earlier except that Jackson crashed into the fence to make a nice lunging catch of a DeCinces line drive. For a few minutes the Yankees' pennant hopes lay motionless on the ground, but Jackson got up and stayed in the game with nothing more serious than a bruised forearm. "I thought he killed himself," said McGregor. "but Earl said, 'Oh, don't worry, he's just playing the dramatic.'" "

In the Orioles' clubhouse after the game there was no champagne, but the mood was jubilant nonetheless. "This was as big a game as we've had all year," said Crowley. "Down deep, we knew how important it was. We couldn't let them take three out of four on our turf."

This series demonstrated that the Yankees and Orioles are as closely matched as any two teams can be. "I feel deep down [the Orioles have a lot of deep thinkers] that we have the best club in baseball," said Dempsey. "I honestly feel we're the better ball club," said Watson. "This is fun," said Howser. "It's demanding and draining and nerve-racking, but it's what baseball is all about. I'm only sorry we're not playing the Orioles in September." August has been plenty good enough.

ENR





BOARD AND VROOM IN WINDSURFER HEAVEN

The spray really flew at the American Windsurfer Championships as the brisk breeze nearly blew the leathers off old Buzzard's Bay **by DAN LEVIN**

The first man to put a sail on a surfboard deserves a place in some future hall of fame alongside the guy who tied barrel staves to his feet one winter and ushered in the golden age of the auto-graphed leg cast. Both were on to something, but they didn't go far enough. One didn't invent the ski bunny and the quick-release binding. The other didn't know about the universal joint. Hoyle Schweitzer was acquainted with this bit of hardware, and in 1967 he used it to fasten a mast to a surfboard, thus inventing a

wonderful piece of equipment called the Windsurfer and forging a minor miracle. Schweitzer had transformed sailing into a tingling spectator sport, and if you don't believe it, you weren't at the 1980 American Windsurfer Championships last week at Falmouth, Mass., on the west side of Cape Cod's Buzzard's Bay.

The sport itself is officially called board sailing (the Windsurfer, the most popular American board, is a trade name) and more than 500,000 sailboards have been sold around the world. It is also the only

sailing sport that offers competition in freestyle and slalom racing in addition to round-the-buoys course racing and a nasty ordeal known as long-distance racing. A Windsurfer sailboard is only 12 feet long, with a 59 square-foot sail and a small daggerboard, but it can turn on a sand dollar and perform spectacular feats. The sounds heard above the keening Cape Cod winds last week were cheers from the beach-bound spectators. Indeed, whoever wrote the script—and it seemed that someone must have—may have overdone things at the outset by ordering up too much wind. It gusted offshore to 35 knots on the first of the five days of competition. Only three of the four men's weight classes—officials had to cancel the medium-weight event because of the wind—could complete a course race, and no woman had the muscle to make it past the first windward leg.

Then for two days the wind moder-



Like a bevy of waterborne butterflies, the colorful fleet of 250 Windsurfers glides swiftly across the bay shortly after the start of a round-the-buoys race.

ated. Preliminaries were held for slalom racing and the freestyle event, the former a test of tacking, jibing and general boatmanship, the latter a display of virtuoso footwork, balance and waterborne acrobatics. There were pirouettes, forward and backward hair whittings (a/k/a nose dips and head dips) on the flighty boards, rail rides, with the boards slicing along on their edges, and other equally improbable maneuvers.

The week's particular hero would be the so-called pentathlon winner, the sailor with the best total score after all four events, course racing counting double. All the men's classes were eligible, as well as the one for women, and at the end of three days five competitors were nearly dead even: 26-year-old Nancy Johnson of Newport; brothers Alex and Greg Aguera, 19 and 17, of Clearwater, Fla.; Cort Larned, 25, of Fort Lauderdale; and Anders Foyen, 22, of Norway.

Midway through the fourth day, with the wind freshening to 15 knots, the slalom finals began. They were unisex, and one-on-one races, over a six-buoy course. The first of the leaders to falter was the 118-pound Johnson, who kept falling over and lost her initial race in the stiff breeze to 180-pound Mark Robinson of Clearwater Beach, Fla. He had the strength to carve far tighter turns. Next to drop a race was Alex Aguera, but in the loser's bracket he hung on to win four straight. Finally it was brother against brother, Greg against Alex, for the slalom title. The two Agueras tacked simultaneously at the first buoy, but at the weather mark Alex fell from his board and was slow to get back on. Then he fell again. His father, Joe, the Florida distributor for Hoyle Schweitzer's Windsurfing International, which manufactures the boards, said on the beach, "It's Alex' seventh sla-

lom race today, and he's dog tired."

On lap two a wave caught Greg and threw him farther down the course than he had anticipated. His boom, barely missing Alex' head, brushed his brother's mast, and Greg shouted over the roar of the wind and waves, "I'm sorry," as he swept by. Alex fell, and Greg sailed smoothly on to victory, then jumped through his wishbone boom just beyond the finish line and landed in the water. Alex leaped off his board, grabbed Greg's head and angrily shoved it underwater.

Ashore, Greg was asked if he knew he had knocked his brother overboard. "No," he said, "the only time I look at the competition is at the end of a race."

"Did it feel funny racing against Alex?" he was asked.

"Funny? It felt good," said Greg, a mere 5' 5" and 134 pounds to his brother's 5' 9", 154. "Alex has always been a little better and bigger than me."

continued



Ken Winner jumps for joy with his Windsurfer Rocket, a sailboard equipped with foot straps

WINDSURFING *continued*

Next month Greg will enter St. Petersburg Junior College, meanwhile teaching board sailing and selling Windsurfers for his dad. Dad said his biggest problem is getting enough Windsurfers to meet the demand. "We're just scratching the surface in this country," he said. "There are 20 times as many in Europe."

The group on the beach and in the parking lot wasn't your typical yachting crowd. Many drove vans, and the music they played was from the Rocky Horror Picture Show; the vans sported bumper stickers that read: BORED SAILORS GO BOARD SAILING. One favorite topic of conversation was the Windsurfer prototype that averaged 28.3 mph over a 500-meter course last month off Maui, making it the second-fastest sailboat in history (The fastest, a catamaran, went 38.9 mph.) Another was the recent decision to include board sailing in the 1984 Olympics.

On the last day of competition the stiff beach grass lay flattened on the dunes. The wind gusted onshore to 22 knots, sandblasting the gathering crowd. The conditions were terrible for the freestyle competition, in which balance and control are crucial; bigger, stronger sailors would be the beneficiaries. Half the sailors out practicing in the bay were swimming, and when competition began, many were as much in the water as out of it. Matt Schweitzer, Hoyle's 20-year-old son, fell twice but wound up his freestyle routine with a double pirouette, which is spectacularly difficult, particularly under the circumstances. Greg Agüero did a head dip, then reversed his

sail, rode his rail for three feet—and went into the drink. In spite of that spill, he finished second to Schweitzer.

Unfortunately, in the slalom event the day before, Schweitzer had forgotten the course, got lost and finished way back in the pack. It seemed that would put him out of the running for the pentathlon title, but he was said to be a fine long-distance racer. And with the wind getting stronger, anything could happen.

When officials confirmed that the event would take place despite the heavy weather, one spectator gasped, "I can't believe it. No one can live out there." By now the wind was up to 24 knots. Dick Lamb, president of the International Windsurfer Class Association, plotted a course consisting of two elongated runs, at right angles to each other, one 3½ miles around, the other 2½ miles. Each would be sailed twice for a total distance of approximately 12 miles. Not only would the race be difficult in that wind, but also just getting through the surf to the course was a problem. A raft audience waited, huddled under blankets, eyes slitted against the wind

When the wind died, the competitors kept the



The women's champion, Nancy Johnson, lowers the boom during the freestyle preliminary event



Into the air goes Platt Johnson, Nancy's husband, demonstrating the surfing aspect of the sport

and the blasting sand. Nancy Johnson sat among the spectators. "Not racing?" she was asked. Replied Nancy, "Do you think I'm a masochist?"

Fifteen minutes into the race, the committee boat radioed to shore, "We've got four-to-six-foot waves out here." That's a lot of water for boards that weigh only 60 pounds with sails and masts attached. Approximately one-third of the way through the race the leader was Ken Winner, the 1978 pentathlon champion. Larned was second, Schweitzer third, Alex Aguera sixth and Greg Aguera ninth. Greg seemed to be tiring rapidly. It was hard to say whether he was sailing or being sailed. "He's shot," his father said. "It's a race for the big, strong guys, but he won't give up."

A corridor was cleared on the beach; the finishers would have to land and run up the sand to a finish line, which seemed a fiendish chore after what they had been through. But all made it—Schweitzer first, Larned second, Alex Aguera fifth and Greg Aguera seventh.

Schweitzer had won three events, the course race in the light-heavyweight

class, the long-distance race and the freestyle. The slalom had hurt him, but he still hoped for victory in the pentathlon, as did Larned and the Agueras. Not until the awards banquet that evening was the scoring completed. Dick Lamb held

up a silver bowl and gestured to the space for the name of the 1980 all-around champion—Greg Aguera. Larned finished second, Alex Aguera third and Schweitzer fourth. Said Greg, "I never expected to beat all those guys in this much wind, but it sure feels good." Especially when one of those guys is your big brother, eh, Greg?

END

spectators on the beach entertained with a sabin-board act that might have done Liz Taylor proud



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL KENNEDY

Greg Aguera, second in freestyle, tops over!



HUBBA-HUBBA, HERE COMES BUBBA

Philadelphia Linebacker Bill (Bubba) Bergey tested his surgical left knee for the first time in almost a year and showed flashes of his All-Pro form as the Eagles battered the Jets 28-13 to remain undefeated in the preseason **by JACK MCCALLUM**



Bergey was more adept at fending off blockers and getting at ballcarriers such as the Jets' Kevin Long than he was at dropping back to cover passes

The Philadelphia Eagles' saga of Wounded Knee, which began on Sept. 16, 1979, may have ended last Friday night at Veterans Stadium. At precisely 7:51 p.m., Inside Linebacker William Earl Bergey diagnosed a fullback trap, played off a block, met New York Jet Fullback Clark Gaines with a head-on tackle and forced a fumble, which the Eagles recovered. Two plays later the Eagles scored a touchdown to increase their lead to 14-0, and then went on to beat the Jets 28-13.

As Bergey takes his slow steps toward recovery from an injury to his left knee that ended his 1979 season after only three games, the Eagles—a synonym for football futility for much of the last two decades, or since the glory days of Chuck Bednarik and Norm Van Brocklin—are taking giant strides toward their first Super Bowl. This is heady stuff for a team that, as late as 1977, had a 5-9 record. But that was only Year 2 in the reign of Coach Dick Vermeil.

Philadelphia has looked impressive in its two preseason games, having beaten the Buffalo Bills 24-9 before thrashing the Jets. But the signs of the Eagles' rising are not new. They were there in 1977 when Vermeil's newly installed 3-4 defense, led by Bergey, was one of the best in the NFL despite the 5-9 record. They were there in 1978 when the Eagles went 9-7, their first winning season since 1966. And they were there last season even after Bergey caught his foot in the AstroTurf of the Superdome, tearing ligaments and rupturing cartilage in his knee.

The loss of such a player would have been disastrous to the old Eagles, but not Vermeil's; they won four in a row after Bergey went down and out and finished the season with an 11-5 record, the club's best since 1961. But despite the Eagles' excellent performance during the regular season, something was missing. After beating Chicago 27-17 in the NFC wild-card game, the Eagles were flat in a 24-17 loss to Tampa Bay in the divisional playoff. That followed the pattern set in 1978 when Philadelphia was upset by underdog Atlanta 14-13 in the wild-card game.

Now, though, the pervasive feeling around Philadelphia—a city whose many



Vermeil says that Philadelphia can win without Bergey, but it sure would be easier with him

frustrations are divided among the Phillies, 76ers, Flyers and Eagles—is that this is the Eagles' year. Several preseason football publications have stoked that fire by picking the Eagles to—say it and gulp—meet the Steelers in an all-Pennsylvania Super Bowl. This may sound a little improbable, particularly if you watched the Eagles lurch to a 73-142-9 record between 1962 and 1977. But last season the Eagles beat the Steelers 17-14 in their first regular-season meeting since 1974, and in the City of Brotherly Love there is a belief that Pittsburgh cannot forever be the City of Champions.

If Philadelphia does make it to Super Bowl XV, the journey will be complete for the 35-year-old Bergey, four times an All-Pro but never a Super Bowler, and the 43-year-old Vermeil, the NFL's Coach of the Year last season. Bergey obviously has few productive seasons left at linebacker, even if his knee heals, and he's trying to disprove the whispered sentiment that the Eagles don't need him as much as they once did. It was irony at its worst that Bergey, the Eagles' best—some say "only"—player from 1974 to 1978, a period during which they were 29-43, sat out most of 1979. His arduous rehabilitation program in



Two tough linebackers: Bergey and Bednarik.

continued

the off-season, which made even the demanding Vermeil whistle with amazement, drove home a point: if there is to be a Super Bowl season in Philadelphia, No. 66 will be a part of it.

"I remember when Dr. [Vincent] DiStefano had me up on the table and was telling me all that was wrong with my knee," says Bergey. "All I kept thinking was, 'It doesn't matter, I'm going to be back.' I say this honestly—there was not one time during the rehab that I didn't think I'd be playing again."

Despite Bergey's positive approach, his return still isn't guaranteed. As with many severe football injuries on artificial surfaces, very little contact took place on the fateful September day when Bergey went down. Bergey was lined up across from New Orleans Guard Conrad Dobler, who moved out to pull on a sweep for Chuck Muncie. Bergey went to the outside of Dobler, and they

brushed. When Bergey tried to swing around to reverse direction, his left foot caught in a seam in the turf. Before the game Bergey and fellow Linebacker Frank LeMaster had been talking about how you had to pick your feet up on the surface, and that conversation was one of the first things Bergey thought of as the pain shot through his knee.

Bergey knew he was hurt but couldn't gauge the severity of the injury because he had no basis of comparison; in his 10 full seasons, including five with Cincinnati, Bergey had never suffered a serious injury. In fact, he had missed only two games during that period, both in 1972. "It's almost like a sixth sense I seemed to have," he says. "I could feel when trouble was coming. I can't say exactly what it is. I just had it."

That feeling of invulnerability, common among football players, made Bergey think at first that he could go back

into the game. But when he told rookie Guard Pety Perot to make a "test hit" on the sideline, Bergey realized he was through for the season. One of the first things Bergey heard on the operating table was Dr. DiStefano telling him his injury was similar to the one suffered the year before by John Bunting, another Eagle linebacker. In that evaluation the news was good and bad. Good because Bunting had come back, bad because Bergey had seen the torture Bunting had endured to get back.

A gregarious sort who had made a good deal of money from investments and endorsements, Bergey was as prominent a sporting personality as Philadelphia had. But he cut back on the extracurriculars so they wouldn't interfere with the drudgery of swimming (which he hates), upper-body exercises, stretching, running and endless rehab on the knee with ice, weights and air boots. Vermeil's two-a-days in July were more fun than swimming. But Bergey's knee started to come around, just as Bunting's had. And when the Eagles opened camp at West Chester State College last month, there was Bergey on the field wearing his old No. 66.

He started slowly, and nobody pushed him, least of all Vermeil, who had stayed out of Bergey's off-season program. But it was Vermeil, finally, who told Bergey it was time to put on the pads and get some contact. Two days after the Eagles' win in Buffalo and four days before the Jet game, with all the camp watching out of the corner of its eye, Bergey slammed Running Back Billy Campbell to the ground early in his first drill. There were cries of "Bubba, Bubba!" which is both Bergey's nickname and what he affectionately calls his teammates.

Speculation on whether Bergey would play against the Jets was rife all week. The feeling was that he would see some action, if only because the Jet game was the Eagles' only preseason contest at home, but there was a difference of opinion. Vermeil felt Bergey hadn't looked strong enough in the drills, but he ultimately acceded to the wishes of Bergey and Defensive Coordinator Marion Campbell. Vermeil makes few decisions about the defense, so he let Campbell make that one.

Bergey was like a kid on Christmas Eve the night before the game. He went to bed at 10, fell asleep at one, and got



Bergey played the first half against the Jets and spent the second wearing an ice pack on his knee

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up at five. By 3:30 p.m., four hours before kickoff, he was making a pest of himself in the Eagle dressing room. "Orto [Davis, the head trainer] took me back and laid me in a tub of salt water," says Bergey. "It's a little gimmick he has to settle people down."

It worked for a while but, standing in the tunnel before the game, Bergey hugged teammate Charlie Johnson and attempted to kiss McMaster through his face mask. Now that's being pumped up. Though the Eagles were receiving, their defensive team was announced and, in a fine moment of theater, the Vet erupted when No. 66 was among the starters.

Bergey got off to a good start. During the Jets' first series, he and Defensive End Claude Humphrey hurried Quarterback Richard Todd into an interception by Free Safety Bernard Wilson. On the next play from scrimmage, the Eagles' Wilbert Montgomery ran 26 yards for a touchdown. Then, on the Jets' next series, Bergey forced the Gaines fumble, and two plays later the Eagles had their second touchdown, on a three-yard pass from Ron Jaworski to Harold Carmichael. In the old days it took Eagle teams a full season to capitalize on two turnovers.

Bergey played the rest of the half, longer than he expected, but admittedly his performance was only adequate. He was frisky enough to get into a minor scuffle with Jet Center Joe Fields, and once he brought Todd crashing to earth after the quarterback had released the ball.

"The ref told me, 'If you would've hit him full speed, I would've thrown the flag,' and I said, 'Ref, you should've thrown it 'cause that is full speed.'"

Bergey was only half joking. But he didn't react well on certain running plays and overran a couple of sweeps. "I wasn't thinking out there like I should," he says. "I wasn't into the game situations. At any time if someone would've asked me the down and yardage, I couldn't have told them."

His biggest problem, as everyone expected, was retreating to play the deep-hook passing lanes. "The hardest thing for him is going to be getting into the pass drop, planting and driving toward the ball," says Bunting. "He's got to realize that he can do those things. He has great strength. When I

built my knee back up, there was no way it was as strong as Bill's is now. He'll realize, sooner or later, that his knee's never going to feel the same, so he's got to live with it. Right now, it's all up here." At this he taps his head.

Vermel agrees. "The hesitation Bill's experiencing in doing some of the things he used to do normally doesn't surprise me. I've only seen one man who went right back in there as if it was nothing after an injury like that, and that was John Bunting. He did it immediately. Bill will do it. It's just a matter of looking at the films and realizing, 'Hey, I made a tackle. I pushed off it and I'm still alive.' That's what he needs."

While most of Philadelphia is preoccupied with Bergey's return, Vermel isn't. He knows that a 35-year-old line-backer with a rebuilt knee is a big risk, even if he's named Bill Bergey. And Vermel has a contingency plan ready.

"We'll just move Jerry Robinson back inside," he says. "Jerry's a great inside backer. He did the job for us last year when Bill was hurt. Look, Bill is important to us. He has helped me as a head coach and he's helped the defensive coaches as to how we played football. We can use his personality, his intensity, as a model. But there's a lot of important players on this team. We'd like to have Bill back 100%, sure, but we can play without him."

There is no such contingency in the Bill Bergey playbook. A full two hours after the game he was standing in front of his locker in an impeccable white warmup suit, answering questions about his return to action. As he spoke he cradled the game ball he had received from Vermel.

"The ball? Yes, it does mean a lot to me," Bergey said. "There's only one other person who knows how hard I worked in the off-season to get here and that's my wife. One time she stuck a nice little note beside our bed that read, 'We'll make this thing work.' " He looked down at the game ball. "You know, the only thing that bothered me about tonight was that it felt like I was going to my grave. Everybody kept saying, 'Good luck to you,' and 'Hope you make it,' or 'Hope everything's all right.' I didn't like hearing that kind of stuff. As you can see, I'm very much alive."

And so, for now, are the Philadelphia Eagles.

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Got It Made in the Shade

The desert sun beats down on the alabaster landscape of White Sands National Monument, 230 square miles of gypsum dunes in southern New Mexico. Hot? Oh, brother. Unbearable? Not at all. The marriage of modern technology and the ancient art of tentmaking has enabled present-day nomads—be they Arab tribesmen or American campers—to keep their cool inside such shelters as the Optimum 350 (right), a multiarched structure of cotton canvas by Bill Moss of Moss Tent Works. Although he designed it to withstand winds of 80 mph and to reduce 120° desert heat to 85°, Moss obviously had an eye for esthetics as well. “A tent to me is a piece of sculpture you can get into,” he says. As the tents on the following pages illustrate, Moss’ philosophy is shared by other American manufacturers.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

The basic Optimum 350 provides 350 square feet of elegant cover for six persons (\$1,000). An inner shell with doors, floors and windows adds another \$1,500.



CONTINUED

continued



Early Winters sends in the Starship (above), a Gore-Tex dome that sleeps two or three (\$395). Nestled beside an adobe wall in Pueblo de San Felipe, N. Mex., the Trilium (left) by Tent Works has three alcoves and sleeps up to six (\$435).

On New Mexico cliffs where the Tewa Indians once dwelt, the soot from their long-extinguished campfires still clings to dark cave walls. In contrast, Tent Works' airy, teepee-shaped Star Gazer has walls coated with Urethane and a hot sky-light. The free-standing tent weighs six pounds, with its rainfly (\$249).





For fair weather the Solus (top) from Tent Works is little more than netting stretched on an aluminum pole. Attach a rainfly and the 3½-pound tent also offers foul-weather shelter (\$149). The North Face VE 24 geodesic is a tent for all seasons, but the two-man unit is particularly useful in snow country (\$300).

Sitting like prehistoric birds on a sea of sand, these nylon Parawings from Tent Works are graceful successors to the old tarp. The wings are hyperbolic parabolooids, no less, and they shed both wind and water. The 12-foot size weighs only 1½ pounds (\$55), while the 19-footer weighs in at 4½ pounds (\$119).



Inflation fighters: 5¢ coffee, a bicycle and a two-pound Pocket Hotel from Early Winters that measures 7¼' x 2' (\$150).



TENTS

continued

It may be one's reaction to the materialism of present times, it may derive from ancient memory of a nomadic past, but a tent has an aura of freedom and adventure that appeals to many. Where backpacking, climbing, fishing or even lawn parties are concerned, there's nothing like a spread of canvas or nylon to provide a mood of getting away from it all. And thanks to science, the tents of today are a far cry from those serviceable but cumbersome works of old Omar.

Many of the improvements reflect the experience and expertise of a small group of sporting-goods manufacturers in the Northwest (Sierra, Early Winters, North Face, JanSport, Gerry, among others) who specialize in mountaineering equipment. By incorporating rip-stop nylon, Gore-Tex fabrics, fiber glass and aluminum poles in innovative designs, these pioneers have produced tents that are lighter, stronger, drier, more durable and just plain prettier than the olive-drab canvas of yesteryear.

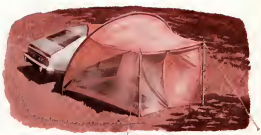
The Northeast has by no means been shut out. Indeed, one of the most widely admired of American tentmakers is Bill Moss, whose factory is situated in an old mill beside the Megunticook River, in Camden, Maine. Moss Tent Works, Inc. turns out 30 different models, ranging in size from 22 to 1,500 square feet—all

designed by the 57-year-old Moss. The Tent Works people really believe in their product. Four of the employees live in Moss tents on the three wooded acres that surround the factory. One of them, Rico Eastman, has camped out in an Optimum 200 for almost two years.

"Considering the Maine winter, it sounds extraordinary," says Moss. "But Rico has an insulated floor, a woodburning stove, a double bed, a big dresser and no intentions of moving out."

Moss became a tentmaker in a rather

Moss also designs for the oil-hungry West. "In spite of the energy crunch," he says, "people are still going to go camping, but they won't pay for a gas-guzzling camper or trailer." Thus the Base Camp (below), a small tent designed to complement a compact car. The tent weighs only nine pounds and folds down to be no larger than a backpack, but it opens up into a canopy that is roomy enough for a family. The shell is stretched over a fiberglass rod, and extended over the top of the car and secured by closing the car



With a 4' x 6' "bedroom" attached, Moss' Base Camp sleeps four or more (\$299)

circumspect manner. "As a kid I hated camping," he says, "but I was always making a hut or some kind of shelter in the woods or up in the attic. I did a lot of camping in college, but my first experience with canvas was as a painter. Then I became involved with sculpting."

He went on to construct walk-in environmental sculpture. Then in 1957, while working as an artist for the *Ford Times*, a Ford Motor Company publication, Moss designed a Pop Tent. Shortly afterward, he left Ford and became a full-time tent designer.

As might be expected, Moss' approach to his tent designs is that of an artist and sculptor. "On large structures I'll hire an engineer after I've done the design, but not before," he says. The results are esthetically pleasing, geometrically shaped shelters that have attracted interest far beyond the Maine woods. Among Moss' enthusiastic clients are Arabs in Abu Dhabi who have bought his Optimum series for use in the desert.

door on the opposite side from the tent. This makes both tent and car part of one shelter. A "bedroom" can be snapped on the overhead arch for privacy.

Moss is continually working on new concepts. Right now Tent Works is building a solar tent-studio to be used year-round by the factory's design workshop. The structure will be 60' x 60' with a 20-foot central arch. "We're using a new material that allows about 87% light transmission," says Moss, "and we're digging out part of a hill and will store heat for the tent in a concrete wall." Moss expects the tent to last 12 to 15 years.

"I'm also working on a solar shed to replace a barn, something in which a person could store things, or work on a boat or car," he says. "Most building materials are too expensive. What I'm looking for is a structure everyone can afford."

—JULIE CAMPBELL

Utilizing the Present Tents

THE ODD COUPLE

Alike in fiery temper, the lanky righthander and the shrimpball southpaw make up a study in physical contrasts on the court.



OF THE COURTS

Overpowering but underconfident, Peter Fleming hooked up with cocky John McEnroe and somehow they became the world's best doubles team.

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Peter Fleming has been making peculiar decisions all his life. He picked tennis over basketball even as he was growing up very tall, albeit very late; he didn't stop growing until he was 21 and had reached 6' 5". Fleming enrolled at Michigan even though, as a golden-haired, blue-eyed hunk of WASP, he looked born to the California chorus of a Frankie Avalon beach blanket movie. Actually, he was born in New Jersey and ended up at UCLA.

In 1977, Fleming picked a doubles partner. Contrasting personalities are considered *de rigueur*—so of course Fleming hooked up with a younger kid whose volatility, erratic behavior, loud mouth, snapping temper and monstrous ego were near the same level as his own. Now, Fleming frets that he will go to his

eternal rest as merely "the big goon who played doubles with John McEnroe."

Not that such a distinction would be all that terrible. At next week's U.S. Open he and McEnroe will be the heavy favorites to repeat as national doubles champions. In the last 26 months, or since shortly after they were embarrassed in the 1978 Wimbledon final by Bob Hewitt and Frew McMillan, Fleming-McEnroe, or McEnroe-Fleming ("Take your pick," says Junior. "Go ahead with Fleming-McEnroe," says the older partner, who is known on the tour as "Flam") have won just about everything there is to win in doubles. In 1979 they took Wimbledon, the U.S. Open, the WCT Worlds and their second Masters—all in all, 12 of the 15 tournaments they entered as a team. Their overall won-lost record in Grand Prix matches was a fairly absurd 69-3. To keep the marriage fresh, they even split up occasionally and won those tournaments as well, McEnroe the U.S. Clay Courts with Gene Mayer, and Fleming the Italian Open with Tomas Smid.

Together again this year—but only briefly, because of injuries and conflicting commitments—they have lost only twice: in a Queens Club pre-Wimbledon warmup to the Gullikson twins, Tom and Tim, and in the semifinals of Wimbledon itself to the Australian pair of Paul McNamee and Peter McNamara, the eventual champions. In the latter match, played the same afternoon as McEnroe's street fight with Jimmy Connors and the day before his historic final against Bjorn Borg, Fleming says they "lost steam" after dropping the first set.

Flam and Junior contribute equally important condiments to the doubles sauce, resulting in a blend that is one of the surest things in tennis. Young as it is,

continued

Fleming and McEnroe usually overpower opponents, but at Forest Hills in May they showed that they could lob them, too.



their team already is inviting comparison with the brothers Renshaw, Baddeley and Doherty, who dominated Wimbledon doubles through the turn of the century, winning 19 All England championships; the Frank Sedgman-Ken McGregor tandem, which in 1951 became the first and only doubles team to win the Grand Slam; the Open era wonders, John Newcombe-Tony Roche, who won five Wimbledon; Stan Smith-Bob Lutz, who have won four U.S. championships; and Hewitt-McMillan, who together and in combination with other partners have won 18 men's and mixed Grand Slam titles.

The Fleming-McEnroe duo could become even more dominant. Gene Mako, the forgotten partner of the great Don Budge, says flatly, "They should never lose a match." Victor Amaya, the 6' 7" giant of the current tour, reaffirms this. "No other team is close," he says. "Hewitt-McMillan and Smith-Lutz are past challenging them—no chance. Riesen-Stewart is a really good team. Fibak-Okker is good. But they don't have enough power. They would win about two of 10 matches against Fleming-Mac. Gottfried-Ramirez have been luck together a while. They're smart, quick, creative. They make things happen. They'd get maybe three of 10. McNamee-McNamara are terrific, but new; we have to find out about them."

It is a disappointing irony of the sport that the event which most often raises

the level of a tournament—with more players on the court, more action, better entertainment, a preponderance of gambling and hang-it-all-out shoemaking plus a more enlightening display of the game's tactical and technical possibilities—is doubles, yet doubles gets the lowest priorities both in terms of scheduling and prize money. Sometimes the hot-dog vendors have closed up shop by the time it's center stage for the doubles, which is allotted a measly 20% of a tournament's prize money.

"Basically, singles is work and doubles is play," says Gene Mayer, who has reached the Top 10 in both games. "I rarely have much fun playing a singles match. I have to fight and claw, think, gut things out. In doubles you can mentally lay back, hit out, do things with the ball, try pizzazz and really enjoy yourself." Nobody gets more enjoyment from doubles than Fleming and McEnroe. The latter has always liked doubles, not least for the salutary effect it has on his singles game. McEnroe would rather play doubles matches than practice singles any day. Fleming has come to the same conclusion, and his singles game has improved considerably.

In 1979 Fleming won three important singles titles—the Beckenham warmup to Wimbledon, the inaugural Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP) Championships at Cincinnati and the Jack Kramer Open (formerly the Pacific Southwest) at

Los Angeles—and was runner-up in tournaments in San Jose, San Francisco and Maui. His singles ranking on the ATP computer rose to No. 11 in the world. This year Fleming, who now holds down the No. 9 spot, advanced to the semifinals of the prestigious (but rained-out) Volvo tournament at Palm Springs before developing a neuroma on his foot while he was practicing for the Davis Cup matches in South America, which forced him to miss most of the spring season, indoors and out.

After recuperating at his oceanside retreat in Seabrook Island, S.C., he came back to play his finest Wimbledon, advancing to the quarterfinals. He lost in straight sets to—yes—McEnroe. "Junior got on top of me early," says Fleming. "I've never seen the guy move better."

Of his teammate's glorious turnaround, McEnroe says, "Peter just got used to playing all week. When he'd lose in singles, he had to stay mentally tough for the dubs. He worked hard. It helped his concentration all around."

"I learned from Junior," says Fleming. "He was so into our doubles. Always. If he was beaten in singles, he'd try even harder in doubles. We would never tank just because one of us got beat. The dubs got to be 99% a lock if the other poor bastards had to play us after Junior had lost."

The partnership was hardly prepared for what happened last September. Fleming was in the midst of a hot streak in which he would eventually win 22 of 25 singles matches, when he made it to the Jack Kramer final at L.A., only to find McEnroe waiting for him. In the doubles semifinals the night before, Fleming and McEnroe were so subdued—"both of us were psyched thinking about playing each other the next day," Fleming says—that they lost to Wojtek Fibak and McMillan.

The next day Fleming beat McEnroe 6-4, 6-4 despite the obligatory furious disputes over line calls and stalling tactics by his partner. These delays cost Fleming his composure and nearly the title. "How much longer before you give this guy a point penalty?" Fleming screamed at the chair at one juncture.

Afterward, Fleming publicly praised McEnroe and thanked him for his aid and inspiration, but he couldn't resist throwing in a few joking references to "the brat." The following week in San Francisco the two didn't speak en route

Fleming chows down near his Seabrook Island, S.C. villa with a practice partner, Carlos Goffi



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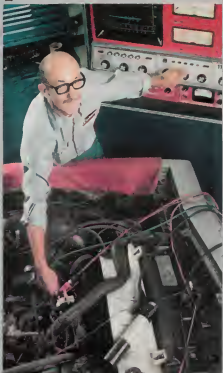
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to the doubles final. They would meet again in the singles final, too.

"Our girl friends were with us that week, making the whole thing tolerable," says Fleming. "But before the singles, we sat down and had it out. It was resolved that our friendship, our doubles, was more important than winning or losing any individual tournament. We said no matter if we threw punches at each other in our singles match, there was no way we were losing the doubles again."

After Fleming blew a set-up, break-up lead to McEnroe and then lost 6-2 in the third, without punches, the pair wiped out Fibak and McMillan 6-1, 6-4. After the Kramer Open, in fact, the team never lost again in 1979.

Daily workouts against McEnroe undoubtedly solidified Fleming's already dangerous game, which is based on a punishing serve, a marvelous (especially for a big man) facility for angles and the rare inclination to go for broke on all returns. As receiver, Fleming simply winds up and blasts the ball, notably off the backhand side from the deuce court. This is a whippy, rolling topspin, opposite-court response to down-the-middle deliveries—a truly difficult shot to hit and one that Fleming consistently produces as well as any player in the world. It is particularly effective against the left-handed guillotine slice serve of McEnroe, whom Fleming has beaten in four of their nine singles meetings.

Fleming's serve and return were the points at issue in what had been weirdly different approaches to singles and doubles play, an ill-considered strategy that he corrected with a vengeance late last summer.

At the Canadian Open last August, Fleming had lost early to Butch Walts. "I was a basket case," says Fleming. "I mean, Walts is a good player, but three and one in the last two sets? He isn't that amazing. All season I'd be playing along real well and then just collapse and bag it. From the end of April through mid-August I didn't reach the third round in singles, but never lost a match in doubles. I'm right up there in stupidity. I finally figured out something was amiss. It was unbelievable."

Previously in singles, Fleming had led the world in double faults—"My game plan is boom, boom and more boom," he once said—and had alternately hit the fence or tentatively set up opponents with a no-clue, be-careful strategy off the

ground. Conversely, in doubles—with the reassurance of a swashbuckling McEnroe terrorizing the opposition up there at the net—Fleming would nail returns without regard for life or limb and know his partner was ready to cross and pounce.

So at the ATP Championships, Fleming talked himself into pretending that his singles matches were doubles. On his service he stood wider and made a subtle adjustment in his second delivery, "staying over" the ball, adding more spin and keeping it in play. "I'll just throw this baby in there and Junior will cross and put away the volley," Fleming would say to himself on serve. Or "I'm mainlining this return and nobody over there is getting it back," he would say on defense.

It was the first time Fleming had connected the two games. "The change," he said, "was like black and white. One day I was terrible. The next I was amazing. I was returning guys all over the place." Among others in Cincinnati, he thrashed Stan Smith and Roscoe Tanner and seemed to be on the verge of fulfilling his enormous potential.

"Flam is one of the few guys out here who on a good day can manhandle anybody around—Bjorn, Jimbo, anybody," says Amaya, a rival since college. "He can streak-return a guy off the court. He can serve a couple of aces every game, then aim a couple of winning returns a game. I've seen him beat guys in 40 minutes. Wham. It's over. When he's on, he's awesome. Then I've seen him go totally in the dumpster. How can a guy win Cincy the way he did, then the next week blow out to Jaime Filol in the second round out of the Open?"

"I must have served 30 doubles in that one," Fleming sighs in explanation.

To be sure, Fleming's performances at Wimbledon and the U.S. Open the last few years have left much to be desired. Before this year, in four appearances at Wimbledon he had won two matches—over Filol and the immortal Czech Jiri Granat—and last summer he lost to Hank



Fleming now meets the attention of spectators: big and small

Pfister after serving what he said were "another 30 doubles, easy."

Fleming is still horribly masochistic in his self-abuse during practice sessions—"You gawking fool," he will cry, "you stupid jerk!"—and some players feel this attitude carries over to his matches.

"Peter doesn't stay positive," says one opponent. "You can always see the potential for a disaster there—his volatility and temper. He's tough on the lead, but when he's struggling he starts sulking and blows up. He'll usually beat himself."

On his return to the tour in the WCT Tournament of Champions at Forest Hills in May, Fleming was leading Brian Teacher 6-2, 5-3 and serving for the match when a heckler with white hair who had been applauding Fleming's errors finally got to him. He double-faulted away the game, lost the set, yelled at the heckler, "Hey, albino, why don't you shove this racket —" and threw away the match, 6-2, in the third.

continued



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²Aetna participated in the 1978 National Workshop on Auto-Theft Prevention and was a primary sponsor of last year's Connecticut Auto-Theft Reduction Seminar.

³A "fraud profile" asks such questions as: Was the theft reported within 60 days of the

insurance policy's effective date? Or was it not reported to the police—a basic policy violation? Was the car recovered burned, and hence of no value except to support a claim? Can the claimant produce no ownership title at all? The more suspicious answers, the higher the red flag gets

hoisted.

⁴Aetna supports standardizing title procedures and effective disposition of vehicle identification numbers at the wrecking yard. This would put the brakes on "paper" car theft by giving every legitimate vehicle its own "birth" and "death" certificates



Lack of confidence—the bane of most gawky, uncoordinated types—has haunted Fleming since his high school days in Chatham, a tree-lined stronghold of Jersey suburbia just close enough to Manhattan to explain the neighborhood children's sometimes rabid manner. At first Fleming's peers shut past him in height, after which he contracted mononucleosis. Fleming later rallied and grew at least two inches every year as he escaped teenhood. But he says he always had the "geek syndrome." Fleming played all the sports anyway, just to be one of the boys.

The second of four sons, 5-year-old Peter used to tag along after his father, Alan, to the old man's tennis games at the Short Hills Racquets Club, where he hit against a backboard for two hours at a time. In later summers the father, a portfolio manager on Wall Street, would drop his son off at the club on the way to the train station in the morning and pick him up on the way home at night. "I once played 17 sets in a day," Fleming says.

Alan Fleming was a ranked player in the East who made a few forgettable appearances at Forest Hills. When his son was in his mid-teens, that was also the forecast for Peter, a lumbering soul who says he "kept losing to these bums who could only pat the ball back."

Meanwhile, Peter himself kept bashing his macho-monster serves and hitting the backstops until Warren Woodcock, a former player from Australia, took an interest in coaching him. Woodcock still has a yellowed clipping that reads "Lover Upsets Woodcock to Win Juniors." He was a brilliant youngster who never fulfilled his promise, but he knew things could work the opposite way.

Because Fleming was so awkward yet so penetrating on serve, Woodcock concentrated on his ground game, emphasizing clean strokes and flat balls. "He told me it didn't matter what I was at 14," Fleming remembers. "It's when I was 19 that everything would count."

In 1973, at age 18, Fleming began playing every day, all year round. He continued to grow, to fill out in the legs, to gain speed and quickness. In 1974 he and Fleming père won the National Father and Son Grass Court title at the Longwood Cricket Club in Boston. Until then, Fleming had had few successes in national events. When he applied to Stanford the previous year, he was accept-

ed—but without a scholarship. He had gotten in on his own without the help of the tennis coach. UCLA inquired. Machigan recruited him hard. Because Fleming had what he calls "a sheltered, naive East Coast guy's image of California as a freaked-out, drugged-up hippie colony," he chose Ann Arbor.

It was the wrong decision. Fleming was sidelined with a back injury much of his freshman year, was unhappy in his new surroundings and unpopular with teammates, who found him cocky. "I was not an easy person to live with," he admits. "I was an ass, more or less."

After his transfer to UCLA, Fleming changed his attitude within the year. "I had never been away from Jersey and it took a full year for me to grow up," he says. "I wasn't mad at everything anymore. I really loosened up." In his red-shirt year at Westwood, 1975, Fleming was astounded by the on-court intensity of the players under Coach Glenn Basset. When Basset put the Bruins through calisthenics, Fleming headed for the pool. Basset had said if anybody didn't want to work, he should take a hike. Fleming took the coach at his word. He took a swim.

The next season NCAA champion Billy Martin turned pro and Fleming stepped in as the UCLA meal ticket. Still, he and Basset didn't see eye to eye. "Flam's biggest concern was to have fun," says Bruce Nichols, Fleming's roommate at UCLA. "He refused to come to practice on time. He did his own conditioning up on the slope where the girls sunbathed. His whole philosophy was different from Basset's. Once Flam made a mistake on court. He pointed to his brain. He said he needed electroshock treatments. Coach thought he was serious and almost called the doctor."

Bill Scanlon of Trinity upset the previously undefeated Fleming for the collegiate title in the heat of Corpus Christi, Texas that June, coming from behind to reverse a 6-0, 6-1 shelling he had received earlier in the season. "I have to rationalize this, of course," Fleming says, "but I was burned out from playing all year and staying unbeaten. I'll never be as tired until the day I die." Weariness didn't prevent Fleming from partnering Ferdi Taygan to the doubles title, however, a victory that clinched another NCAA championship for UCLA.

Fleming passed up his senior season in college. Outspoken and irreverent,

he immediately established himself on the pro circuit with his slashing style, tons of double faults and a loose tongue. ("I have a tendency to spew forth from the mouth," he says.) But he needlessly lost matches to his temper when he wasn't squandering them because of self-consciousness or worry about his fitness. Ille Nistase used to trail Fleming on court, mimicking him in the lurching movements of some spastic beast. As in his high school years, Fleming often was tense, overanxious, severely puzzled by his losses. It was as if the ugly geek was still alive in the handsome beach-boy body.

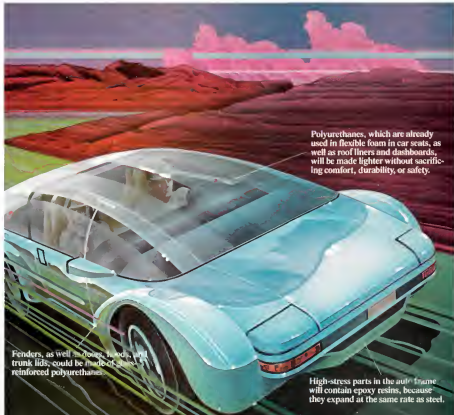
To the rescue of this winsome yet confused creature, or so it seemed, came McEnroe. Their upbringings—in New York bedroom communities—had been similar. Their reactions—instinctive, outrageous, often ill-timed—were alike. Their tastes—T-shirt wardrobes, New Wave music, gobbling up vast amounts of food at a single sitting—were virtually the same. They even knew each other from way back when.

When McEnroe made his huge splash at Wimbledon in 1977, Fleming remembered him as the same brash 12-year-old he used to spot games—and lose—to at the Port Washington Tennis Academy on Long Island. In the locker room at the All England Club, McEnroe hadn't changed. "Everybody thinks of himself as a player," Fleming says, "but it's more like 'yeah, someday.' But there was Junior, just out of high school and in the third round at Wimby against Karl Meiler, and he was saying, 'This guy stinks. If I lose to this guy, I'm quitting the game.' What confidence! That really started me. I think I began to believe in myself more."

Later that summer the two struck up a friendship, entered some doubles on the West Coast and even reached the semis in San Francisco. In 1978, after McEnroe had polished off his NCAA championship for Stanford and joined the big tour, the pair began kicking rears and taking names. *Four moments in 1978* stand out:

Wimbledon, second round. Fleming-McEnroe lead Smith-Lutz two sets to one, but the veteran team wins a fourth-set tiebreaker to tie the match. At the changeover, McEnroe says, "Come on, these guys stink. How can we lose to these guys?" Minutes later it flashes on Fleming that McEnroe is denigrating Stan-

continued



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Smith and Bob Lutz, a storied team, Davis Cup heroes, his heroes. "I realized right then we were not in over our heads," Fleming says. "Everything was relative. We had become as good as them. We won in five. My self-worth changed for all time."

Wimbledon finals, Fleming-McEnroe are defeated by Hewitt-McMillan 6-1, 6-4, 6-2, the worst defeat in the championship round since 1911, as Bud Collins was sure to inform the Americans. "A sickening psych-out," Fleming says.

"We were so impressed with them, so worried about their touch and angled stuff, we tried to hit impossible shots they couldn't reach. We played into their hands rather than playing our own game. We have too much power to piddle around. We should have just hit straight through them. We never forgot that."

U.S. Open quarterfinals, Fleming-McEnroe are defeated by Mark Edmondson-Geoff Marks. "Ham Richardson told us we were terrific return men and volleyers but that we didn't take advantage of it. We were hanging too far back from the net," Fleming says. "I moved up five feet. Junior practically climbed on top of the tape. We won seven of our next eight tournaments."

C ologie finals, Rematch against the two aging lions, Hewitt-McMillan. Early on, McEnroe takes sitter and unloads running, swinging, screaming volley six inches from Hewitt's face. Hewitt stares him down in intimidation move, Hewitt says. "You want to die?" McEnroe, enraged, says "What? You want some more, old man? Next time I won't miss." On the next point with McMillan serving, Fleming attacks winner down the line depriving Hewitt of get-back, in-face volley. Americans break at love, win match 6-3, 6-2. "It was all over for them," says Fleming, "and they knew it. They've never beaten us since and they never will."

The new world champions are the absolute best at the two key elements of the doubles game: serving and returning. First, a team must cope with Junior's skidding parabolas, which curve into the corners from that anteater's stance off the southpaw wing. Then come Fleming's high-kicking, vicious fastballs descending from somewhere out of the rafters. Because both men guard the tape so well, the result is that neither serve can be attacked consistently.

On return, McEnroe is the scalpel and the trickster—probing with angled thrusts, then tossing his spinning, slicing junk every which way. Meanwhile, Fleming whacks away like a bludgeon, slugging the ball with so much speed that the opposition can do nothing but helplessly feed it back into McEnroe's net-covering clutches. Flaunting these skills, Fleming and McEnroe disdain consistency for the spectacular shot, the winner. They hold serve with such ease that they can gamble in their return games, gamble that a couple of chancy dynamite sticks will fall in, and then run out the matches from there.

When they are feeling especially feisty, or hungry for commotion, they are not above using the opposition for target practice, a favorite pigeon being Fibak. In Stockholm two years ago, Fleming-McEnroe accused Fibak-Olker of baiting the crowd in a match the Americans subsequently lost. A nasty locker-room confrontation followed. Since then Fleming-McEnroe have taken turns headhunting the Polish player whenever possible: in Philadelphia, McEnroe finally struck, bouncing a ferocious roaring overhead into a wildly retreating Fibak's midsection with such force that surgery nearly was needed to retrieve the ball.

"Fleming and McEnroe's righty-lefty thing is the ideal arrangement," says Fred Stolle, the perceptive Aussie who shared in many big doubles titles. "In that respect the dynamics of their team are like Newcombe-Roché, a hitter and a finesser. Newk pounded the forehand return, Roché chipped the backhand. But this team is even more versatile in that McEnroe can blast as well as finesse. He has the finest pair of hands I've ever seen, but he couldn't win so much with just another guy who kept the ball in play. With Fleming, he has a man who serves like a bombardier and kills returns as well. It seems like the perfect pair. Of course, they have yet to meet the test of time."

There are rumblings already that Fleming and McEnroe will not be able to last as a team for any great length of time. McEnroe acknowledges that playing doubles has adversely affected his singles performance in two big tournaments—the Masters in New York and the U.S. Indoors in Philly—when the team competition dragged far into the nights before his defeats by Borg and Connors. Winning both doubles titles with Fleming wasn't sustenance enough.

Then, too, as Fleming attempts to brighten up his singles star (and just about everyone suspects that he will continue to do so) and inevitably meets McEnroe in further face-to-face emotional collisions, their partnership surely must be debilitated by jealousy or resentment or hate or something.

The two men's unmerciful public riding of each other usually seems quaint and funny, and it may be an outlet for the pressures inherent in a pairing of such explosive temperaments. But sometimes Fleming steps out of bounds. At a posh reception in London honoring the team for winning the WCT World doubles, Fleming announced to a stunned black-tie crowd that he would have felt much better about the victory "if I didn't have to share it with such an a——hole." Fleming was kidding. But McEnroe, who has image problems of his own, wasn't too thrilled.

More seriously, in Jamaica a couple of years back, McEnroe was incensed that Fleming would accept a point penalty levied against Junior in their WCT Challenge Cup match. The pals argued loud and long and bitterly. Finally Fleming shouted at McEnroe across the net. "Just because I'm your friend doesn't mean I'm the Salvation Army." A poolside chat nipped those bad feelings in the bud. But will tennis' mad couple always be able to shake and make up?

"Listen," said McEnroe the other day. "We've heard all that before. McMillan predicted once that Peter and I had too similar personalities to last long. Where is he now? We both won over \$150,000 last year in doubles. We win two-thirds of the matches without trying, for god-sakes. We blase a doubles match and still win. We blase whole tournaments and still win. We're gonna give all this up? What are we, crazy?"

"The only way we wouldn't play together is if we stopped being friends," said Fleming.

"And that isn't going to happen," said McEnroe.

"I was dreaming just the other day that it wouldn't be beyond the realm of possibility to go undefeated through a whole year," said Fleming.

"You really want to do that?" said McEnroe.

"Yeah, I don't think that would be too amazing," said Fleming.

"Boy, you really are crazy," said McEnroe.

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Early this spring, when Los Angeles Pitcher Jerry Reuss found himself back where he started—which was not starting—he decided to take stock of his debts and credits. On the minus side of the ledger, the lefthander was in the bullpen, a place of detention he thought he had escaped through grit, toil and good works late last season.

And on the plus side? "Well," he said to himself, "things could be a lot worse. I've got my health. I've got my wife. I've got my new son. I'm living where I've always wanted to live. I'm with a contender. I'm still pitching, and whether you're starting or relieving, it's still the same game. Most of all, I'm comfortable with myself. I've got my confidence back. I've got the feeling that nothing is going to stop me now." The ayes obviously had it. Reuss dutifully reported to the bullpen.

He hasn't always been so irrepresible. Two years ago, when he pitched only 83 innings for Pittsburgh, twice sitting idle for 19 days between appearances, he reached what he describes as a "low ebb." He began to see himself not so much as a major league pitcher who had once won 38 games—for the Pirates in 1975—but as a kind of "insurance policy," someone to be kept around in the event of injury to worthier moundmen. He asked to be traded, and the Pirates finally obliged him at the start of the '79 season, in return for a sore-armed Rick Rhoden. Even the trade was embarrassing for Reuss. And, of course, the starter-rich Dodgers didn't need him in the rotation, so he was sent once more to the isolation ward. But by June the once-formidable Dodger starting corps

had been ravaged by an epidemic of sore arms, and Reuss was called forward. Although his overall record was 7-14 with a 3.54 ERA, in September he was 3-2 and 1.25.

So when this season began, Reuss, who was approaching 31, confidently saw himself in the big picture. Alas, he was again out of it. Don Sutton, who wanted to be traded, wasn't. Naturally, he had to start. Dave Goltz was acquired as a free agent for several million dollars, so he had to start. Rick Sutcliffe had been Rookie of the Year in 1979, so he had to start. Burt Hooton had become a staff ace, so he had to start. And Bob Welch had made a dramatic comeback from a sore arm and a bout with alcoholism, so he had to start. And Reuss, the intrepid lefthander, had to relieve. But even then he wasn't slated to be the ace reliever. That job was intended for another rich free agent, Don Stanhouse.

Reuss plugged away, accumulating three wins and three saves in eight relief appearances and holding his ERA to 1.42 in 19½ innings. In the meantime, Sutcliffe was pitching so poorly he was dropped from the rotation. And when Goltz came down with the flu on May 16, Reuss received his first starting assignment. Ironically, it was against the Pirates, and he won 8-6. To the Dodgers' deep gratitude, he has been a starter since.

Reuss didn't lose a game in June, and on the 27th of that month he pitched the season's only no-hitter, against the Giants, barely missing a perfect game when Shortstop Bill Russell made a throwing error in the first inning. Last Friday night, before 50,933 fans in Dodger Stadium, he beat the Reds 3-1 for his 14th win against only four losses, plucking the Dodgers into momentary repossession of first place in the tight Nation-

al League West race and lowering his ERA to 2.18, best among National League starters. "He has been a god-send," says Manager Tommy Lasorda, whose references to the Deity have not been so frequent these days.

Reuss has more than just a new attitude working for him this year. Atrophied muscles in the left side of his back have been revived through an exercise program prescribed by the eminent Dodger orthopedist, Dr. Frank Jobe. Reuss is running 30 to 45 minutes every other day and working out on Nautilus equipment to keep his 6' 6" body at a svelte 220 pounds. His exaggerated pitching motion has been, in the words of Dodger Pitching Coach Red Adams, "quieted down," so that his deliveries are smoother and more deceptive. And his fastball, which once soared, is now sinking. Reuss isn't striking out as many batters as he once did, but he's getting more ground-ball outs—11 by the Reds on Friday. And, as he puts it, "the ball is staying in the park," not sailing over outfield fences.

Reuss walked only one Red Friday, a tribute to newfound concentration that blots out everything—score, situation, standings—except the pitch he is about to deliver. He has learned to get more rotation on his fastball by studying the techniques of such sinker-ball artists as Randy Jones of San Diego, and by listening "very carefully" to part-time Dodger Pitching Coach and full-time living legend, Sandy Koufax. "I spent most of spring training hanging around Koufax, just hoping to pick up something by osmosis," says Reuss, only half kidding. "Actually, I've been relearning my pitching mechanics. For eight years I was a high-ball pitcher. I know now that location and movement are more important than velocity." In layman's terms: stuff and control are better than speed.

The sinking fastball is a prime reason for Reuss' astonishing performance this year. He recalls throwing only five breaking balls in his Candlestick Park no-hitter. Afterward, when his catcher, Steve Yeager, was being commended by newsmen for calling such an intelligent game, Reuss remarked with mock indignation, "It doesn't take a Rhodes scholar to hold one finger down all night." The low hard one is Reuss' staple, but an occasional curve and a tantalizing change relieve the monotony. On Friday, after Johnny Bench hit a non-sinking fastball

for a long second-inning homer to score the Reds' only run, he saw little but slow and slower stuff thereafter. In Bench's next at bat, Reuss got two quick strikes on him with a change and a curve. After an intervening fastball, Bench reached so far out in front for a changeup that he looped the ball harmlessly to second base.

Reuss' pitching style and his mental approach may have changed in the past year, but one thing has not—his sense of humor. "Jerry likes to have a lot of fun," says reserve Outfielder Jay Johnstone, his partner in pranksterism. "We do get together from time to time on certain practical jokes." Lasorda is a ready target for their jape. Reuss and Johnstone slipped beneath camera range during one of their manager's recent television interviews, and while he strove bravely not to break up, they tied his shoelaces together. Reuss once stepped behind Lasorda's desk and reversed roles with his manager, lecturing him on the ordeal of power. "I want to use you more," Reuss said with managerial solemnity, "but my hands are tied. I'll tell you one thing, though, when I get the chance, you'll be the first one I'll go to." Reuss and the since-departed Ken Brett decided that the final game of last season called for a truly inspired jest. Reuss suggested that they put on their uniforms, take seats in the Dodger Stadium stands and spend the game yelling and screaming at the players. But then they came up with a better idea: they left their seats in the dug-out in the middle innings and made their way to the stadium maintenance office, where they covertly donned coveralls and joined the ground crew in dragging the infield, exaggerating the routine so outrageously that even Lasorda recognized that something was amiss. The manager immediately called upon Brett to pitch.

Reuss grew up in the St. Louis suburb of Overland, Mo., and he yet associates summer with "soft breezes through the trees and the voice of Harry Caray doing Cardinal broadcasts." But he was not a particularly avid Cardinal fan, yearning instead to play somewhere in California. "I wanted to live in California long before I'd ever been there," he says. "I was the only kid in St. Louis in the '60s who used surfer slang." However, he signed with the Cardinals in 1967, after the team agreed to finance a Hawaii vacation for his parents and his own college education, which he spent at three different institutions. After pitching three

years for the Cardinals, he was traded to Houston and then to Pittsburgh.

"There are certain things you can do to make sure you're traded," says Reuss. "You can put your uniform number on your license plate. You can buy a home in the city where you play. And you can become the player representative."

Reuss has taken some of these steps in his various stopovers, but by the time Houston shipped him to Pittsburgh, he had despaired of ever reaching California, so he simply bought a house in Santa Barbara, and proposed that this should be a permanent home for him and his family. "Within a year," he says, "I was divorced."

He is happily remarried now and living in Orange County, almost 40 miles from Dodger Stadium. He has a pretty dark-haired wife, Terri, and a 9-month-old son, Jason, who is as blond as Jerry. The fellows in his neighborhood are "as crazy as I am," he says happily. "We play trick-or-drunk on Halloween." He has his new fastball. And if he continues to pitch the way he has, he might even have a Cy Young Award.

THE WEEK

(August 10-16)

by KATHY ANDRIA

NL WEST "If any one of the three teams hits a hot streak, it could be curtains for the other two," said Jerry Reuss' fellow Dodger pitcher, Burt Hooton. The teams are Cincinnati, Los Angeles and Houston, all of which have done no-doing in and out of first place. "And," said Hooton, "San Francisco is knocking at the door." In fact, the Giants (5-2) were the ones who hit a hot streak last week—four straight wins, including two pitched by Vida Blue, who hadn't had a victory since June 13. Looking like the Blue of yore, he beat first-place Houston and then allowed Atlanta just one run while striking out six. "He was throwing breaking balls at 90 mph," marveled Giam Centerfielder Bill North. Jackie Clark continued on his tear, getting his major league-leading 18th game-winning RBI and hitting his third career grand slam.

"Going into the year, we felt our pitching would be outstanding," said Cincinnati's Johnny Bench. "Now we're getting pitching from guys you never heard of." Like Joe Price, who retired the first 12 San Diego batters and held the Padres to three hits for his first complete major league game—before 50 friends

continued

and relatives from nearby Lakeside, Calif. "They helped me relax," said the rookie lefty. The Reds (4-2) have beaten the Padres (11-5) 12 times this year. Then it was on to L.A. for the Reds. The Dodgers (2-4) had just lost three straight to Atlanta and been shut out for only the third time in 1980. But Reuss rolled and Dusty Baker sparked in the field and at the plate, getting two homers for a 3-1 win. The next day another rookie came to the rescue for the Reds. Second Baseman Ron Oester, who hit a bloop double in the top of the ninth to score the winning run.

Manager Bill Vardon of the Astros (2-4) lamented, "We haven't been able to put anything together for six weeks." But then came a strong three-hitter by Nolan Ryan against San Diego, and the Astros won their next game as well. Victory came at 1:26 a.m. in the 26th inning, thanks to a three-base error by the Padres' Jerry Humphrey. Having consumed six hours and 17 minutes, the game was the longest in either club's history.

They have various names—bench warmers, the splinter set, subs, scrubs. In Atlanta (5-2), Jerry Royster, sometime second baseman, brushed off the splinters and hit a two-run single that beat the Giants 3-1. "I know my role," said Royster. "If I play tomorrow, I'd be totally surprised." He did and was. It was Manager Bobby Cox who found himself benched—for three games, by League President Chub Feeney, for spitting in an umpire's face. The Braves won all three games that Cox missed, but lost once more when he returned.

HOUS 62-53 CIN63-54LA 62-54
SF 58-59 ATL 54-62 SD 50-67

NL EAST "You've got to stop being so bleeping cool. Get that through your bleeping heads," yelled Manager Dallas Green between games of a doubleheader in Pittsburgh. His Phils (5-3) had just lost 7-1 to the world champions. Amused writers pressed their ears to the door of the clubhouse to hear the scathing attack. But the Phils didn't go out and win one for the bleeper. They scored just one run in the second game—a Bake McBride homer—lost 4-1 and left town. "Just because we didn't win doesn't mean it didn't sink in," said Pete Rose of the bawling out. The next day the Phillies' game in Chicago was called in the 10th because of darkness, and when it resumed the following day, there had been plenty of time to digest Green's message. Mike Schmidt, whose bat had been cool, regained his stroke, hitting three homers and driving in seven as the Phils won two of three. And then it was off to New York, where the Mets (3-4) had been waiting for revenge. Earlier in the year, Manager Green, never a reticent sort, had remarked that all you needed to beat the Mets was two runs. But these were the new Mets, who had just won two from those same Pirates. Came the test, though, and the

Mets let fly balls drop, threw to the wrong bases and failed to cover the right ones. They scored a grand total of one run in the first two games and lost the third 11-6. They also watched Rose become the fifth player in major league history to get 3,500 hits.

By the weekend the Pirates (5-2) and Expos (2-4) were tied for first place and the teams were in Pittsburgh for a mini-show-down. Montreal Manager Dick Williams tried to fire up his team, which has lost nine of its 11 games with the Pirates, by saying Manager Chuck Tanner had snubbed them in picking players for the All-Star Game. "We play scared against them," confessed Shortstop Chris Speier. "I guess it's the pressure." Too true. The Expos failed to score after leading the bases in the first inning of the first game and got just three runs in two defeats to fall into second place by two.

For the week, Expo starters had an ERA of 6.28 and the relievers 5.85. "I was trying for the cycle," said Expo utility man Tommy Hutton after a game in St. Louis. Unfortunately, he was pitching that night. "I gave up a homer, a double, a single; I walked a guy. I struck out a guy, a guy flied out and a guy grounded out," said Hutton. "What more could you do in one inning of pitching?"

In that game the Cardinals (3-4) handed the Expos their worst shutout loss ever, 16-0. Even Bob Sykes, who gave up just four hits while pitching this, his second straight shutout, had a hit and drove in two runs. All week Cardinal pitchers were unusually menacing at the plate. Bob Forsch beat out a bunt and triggered a rally to beat the Expos 7-5. Pete Vuckovich got a single and a double and drove in two runs in a 10-9, 10-inning victory over the Cubs. Chicago (3-4) took the next two games from St. Louis. Bruce Sutter picking up his 25th and 26th saves. Both clubs rejoined in the return of key players from the disabled list. Shortstop Garry Templeton to the Cards and slugger Dave Kingman to the Cubs. Templeton greeted Cub Pitcher Mike Krukow with a smashing liner off his forehead. Krukow was taken to the hospital for X-rays. In keeping with baseball tradition, they found nothing.

PIT 60-50 MONT 64-52 PHIL 60-53
NY 56-60 STL 61-63 CHIC 48-67

AL EAST While the Orioles (3-4) and the Yankees (4-3) were battling (page 10), the rest of the teams in the division kind of fancied themselves in the fight, too. "It's taken 23 days to vault the Tribe into its first pennant race since 1974," announced The Cleveland Press. "We're all watching what's going on," said Indian Catcher Ron Hassey. "We're gaining in confidence all the time." And why not? Since July 21, when they were 16 games out and five games under .500, the Indians (4-3) had won 14 of their 16 games at home and sud-

denly were four games over .500. But after sweeping Texas, they fell twice to Milwaukee and were still 9½ games out.

The Brewers (5-3) had just about given up hope. What else could they do after losing a doubleheader to Toronto (2-5)? But then a spark was kindled when they won four straight, with complete games from Bill Travers, Moose Haas and Mike Caldwell, who gave up but two runs in two victories. Said Travers, "It shows nobody is quitting yet. This might turn everything around. You never know."

No, you don't. Just a week ago, Boston First Baseman Tony Perez was tired, in a slump and thinking of asking Manager Don Zimmer for a few days off. He had played in all but two of the Red Sox' 108 games. But then the Yankees started losing and Perez started hitting—13 for 25. "Maybe I'm getting my second wind now," he said after helping the Sox win four of six. Each of the four was saved by Bob Stanley, who had saved three the previous week.

The Never Say Die Award went to Mark Fidrych of the Tigers (2-5), who made his fourth comeback in four years, while 50,749 fans chanted and cheered his every pitch—120 to be exact, 80 of which were strikes. He lost, but it didn't matter. The Bird was back, billing and cooing to the ball once again. Even Manager Sparky Anderson was impressed. "I'll be honest, I never knew he could throw like that," said Sparky. "I see now why he throws off that electricity. He's earned a spot in the rotation."

NY 71-44 BAL 66-48 ML 63-54
DET 59-53 BOS 60-54 CLE 58-54 TOR 48-67

AL WEST "This is the best place to be in all of baseball," said Pitcher Rich Gale of Kansas City (5-4) after winning his sixth consecutive game. So it seemed. The Royals evidently can do no wrong. They have the best record, the most hits and runs and are hitting nearly .300 as a team. They even have six inside-the-park home runs—a sure sign of luck—the latest by his Royal highness, George Brett, who extended his hitting streak to 28 games while raising his average to .394. And when that old master Weaver of baseball strategy, Earl of the Orioles, made an unorthodox move against K.C., at backfield. With men on first and second, the Oriole skipper had Brett intentionally walked, loading the bases. "They used to do the same thing with Ted Williams," Earl explained. But Tim Lincecum walked the next batter, forcing in the winning run for Baltimore's first loss in 10 games. "At least Brett didn't beat us," said Weaver.

For their part, the Mariners (1-6) could do no right. Traditionally, a team—any team—wants for a new manager, any manager. Not the Mariners. After Maury Wills took over, they lost nine of 11, dropping three

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straight to California and two to Oakland last week. They are lost in the league in attendance. Even their promotions fail. They planned to welcome Oakland Manager Billy Martin with a marshmallow drop from the top of the Kingdom, but League President Lee MacPhail vetoed the idea. So they dropped a rubber chicken.

The A's (5-2) continued to amaze. They led the league in ERA with 3.41. The pitching staff has 68 complete games, only four short of the postexpulsion league record, and eight of those have been extra-inning games.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TONY PEREZ: The Boston first baseman drove in all seven runs in two wins—nine for the week—and hit .520, with four homers, a double and a triple. He had 20 home runs and was second in the league in RBIs with 87.

Mike Norris, Matt Keough and Rick Langford have all gone 14 innings and won. Last week Langford pitched a club-record 17th consecutive complete game—an 11-3 win over Seattle. On Sunday, starter Steve McCatty got his chance to go 14 against Seattle. He gave up only two runs on six hits, but the second run was a homer by Dan Meyer that beat him 2-1.

The Rangers (3-3) spent much of last week griping, as usual. After they lost three straight to the Indians, Manager Pat Corrales told them, "Quit pointing fingers, and start looking in the mirror. You got your tails kicked here, so let's go to Detroit and do better." They did, beating the Tigers 6-2 and 12-5.

Frank Tanana of California (4-1) had to do his own kicking. After a poor start following a '79 season in which his pitching arm was injured, Tanana "kicked myself to get going." He has now won four straight, pitching 7½ scoreless innings on Friday to beat Minnesota 5-4. With Tanana healthy and Jason Thompson continuing his hot hitting (he's batted .333 since coming to California from Detroit in May), the Angels have won four straight and nine out of 10. Their only loss last week was to Minnesota.

The Twins (2-3) had dropped nine straight and their bats had gone sour. "From awe-some to gentle," said Manager Gene Mauch. They had scored two runs or fewer in eight of Jerry Koosman's nine losses, but three homers gave him his 10th win, over California. After winning again the next night, over Oakland, the Twins had a relapse and lost their next three.

Aside from a 4-1 defeat of the Yankees, White Sox (1-4) fans had little to cheer about except the prospect that the team might be sold to Merrill Lynch (see SCORECARD).

KC 74-42 OAK 62-66 TEX 55-59
MINN 49-55 CAL 46-65 CHI 48-65 SEA 41-75



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Paul Newman risked not only his celebrated film career but also his neck when he decided to become a first-rate racing driver.

by **SAM POSEY**

THE



PERILS OF PAUL

CONTINUED

PAUL NEWMAN

by STEVE KOPPELMAN

Scene One: The victory stand at Le Mans. Cheering fans surge at the winners, who spray champagne over the crowds. In the center of the scene is Paul Newman, smiling and waving. Scene Two: The victory stand at Road Atlanta. More cheers. More champagne. A lovely race queen. Once again Newman is at the center of the action. We see him accepting congratulations from his rivals. Now he beams a smile at Joanne Woodward, who stands at the fringe of the crowd. He tells reporters, "The car was so good even Shirley Temple could have won with it." Wild applause.

Scenes from another cornball racing epic? No. These are real. Paul Newman, racing driver, is real. To the surprise of most of America and the bewilderment of Hollywood, he has pursued with increasing intensity a racing career which this summer entered its ninth year. In racing circles his reputation has flourished. After a painfully slow start, he is now looked upon with respect, even amazement. Respect because his record includes two Sports Car Club of Amer-

ica national amateur championships and a second place in the 24 Hours of Le Mans. Amazement because, in what conventional wisdom holds to be a young man's game, Newman is just hitting his stride at the age of 55.

He didn't even begin racing until he was 47. "I always liked fast cars. Corvettes and stuff like that," Newman says now, "but I was never interested in racing until I made that damn movie." The movie was *Winning*, a Hollywood-style racing picture shot in 1968 in which Newman did some of his own stunt driving. "I went to Bob Bondurant's School of High Performance Driving for the five-day course," he says, "but I had to do it in three because the shooting schedule was moved ahead. I wound up going from the two-liter Datsun road car used in the school to a Can-Am-type car with over

500 horsepower used in the movie, at which point it stopped being a matter of learning and became a question of trying to survive." But Newman was hooked. "I found I had enjoyed the precision of it, of controlling those cars," he says. "I could see it would be a gas to do something like that really well."

I first met Paul in 1972, the year he began racing. I live near the track at Lime Rock, Conn., where he often practiced. He would arrive by helicopter, landing out of view on the far side of the straight. He would come over to the pits alone, a small figure carrying his driving bag and walking with his head up, not looking at the ground. He wore dark glasses, rarely taking them off. He was acutely aware of photographers and, when he was sweaty and tired at the end of the day, he would turn away from them if he

Wherever Newman drives—at right he's cornering a Datsun at the Golden Gate Raceway—crowds gaze as he harnesses up (below). Paul spritzes bubbly and he and his wife, Joanne Woodward, flash victory grins after the 1979 SCCA championships.





thought they were about to take an unflattering shot of him. If he was not in his race car, he stuck close to it, and when people went up to speak to him the conversation rarely went beyond a brief exchange of pleasantries.

I got a little further. I had driven at Indianapolis, had done a couple of Grand Prix races and had been third at Le Mans the year before. Paul would greet me effusively; he made a point of showing great respect for anyone who had made a reputation in the sport. After we'd shaken hands he'd tell a joke and I'd ask him something about his car, but after that the conversation would die. I supposed that he had been attracted, as other actors had, by the glamour and excitement of racing and would dabble in it for a while and then his interest would fade. I had seen that happen before. *continued*



PAUL NEWMAN

continued



While shooting an auto-safety film, Newman fell in love with this tiller-steered antique.

If you had told me then that someday Paul and I would be teammates, I would have said you were crazy.

His first racing car was a Datsun 510, a relatively slow, boxy sedan, with a gutted interior and a hefty roll cage. He drove it smoothly—and slowly—seemingly oblivious of the other cars around him. He rarely fought for a position. I'd hear people say that his steadiness was a promising sign, but I thought otherwise. The top drivers usually started out with blinding speed and crashed almost every car they got their hands on. Then somewhere along the line they would stop making mistakes and start winning. That, at least, was the pattern for most drivers destined for Indianapolis or the Grand Prix circuit. Now here was Newman, who was appearing at the time in *The Sting* as a con man and a lightning-fast cardsharp, plodding cautiously around the track. It just didn't add up.

"Of course, the 510 wasn't very glamorous, but I saw it as a stepping-stone," says Newman. "I particularly wanted to avoid the trap of getting in over my head just to satisfy what other people might have thought I should be doing. There are a lot of guys who would have jumped in at the deep end, and I was determined not to do that. I'm a slow study; I knew that before I started. When I was learning to

act it took months of watching the others at Actors Studio before I began to get anywhere. But I'm not dumb, and when I got the car I was determined to learn my craft at whatever speed seemed sensible. I knew I had my way of doing things, so it never really bothered me.

"What did bother me was that it took me so long to get going. The first few times I had the car on the track I was having a lot of fun with it—before it dawned on me that I really wasn't very good. Then that changed things, and I got teed off. But I had no idea it would take as long as it did to be good at racing. There were long stretches when I was really disgusted with myself. Looking back now, I guess I must have wanted not to fail at it more than I realized."

Most racing drivers abhor the idea of being coached, but Newman, perhaps because he was accustomed to working with directors, was receptive to advice. Plenty was offered. On one occasion the late Graham Hill, twice world champion, came to see him race at the Pocono track in Pennsylvania. "He walked to one of the turns while I was practicing, watched me go by a few times and came back to the pits to tell me the shock absorbers were set wrong," Newman recalls. "How on earth Hill could tell that just by looking at the car I'll never know, but

the difference that one change made was enough for me to win the race."

The biggest influence on Newman's early career was Bob Sharp, a driver who owns a Datsun dealership in Wilton, Conn., not far from Paul's home in Westport. It was Sharp's team that prepared Newman's first racing car, the 510.

"It all started when Paul showed up at the dealership one day," Sharp says. "He had a Corvette, and he asked me to go with him to the track and show him how to drive it." But most cars intended for road use, even Corvettes, are pretty helpless on a racetrack. The tires fold under, the brakes get hot and quit after three or four laps, and the engine overheats. It didn't take Paul very long to realize that he wanted a car he could race.

Sharp's cars were consistent winners in Sports Car Club of America events. Datsun paid a good part of Sharp's racing bills, and his giant trailer rig and elaborately painted cars were the center of attention wherever he went. Mostly he campaigned in the Northeast at tracks like Lime Rock, Bridgehampton and Watkins Glen. Once a year he went to the SCCA's national championships at Road Atlanta in Georgia, which are a sort of Indianapolis for amateur sports-car racing. All told, he won six national championships.

Not surprisingly, Sharp aspired to more advanced forms of racing. The bottleneck, as is usual in racing, was money. Much of Sharp's budget came via Datsun's racing department. With Newman as part of his team, Sharp stood a chance of unlocking the door to Datsun's enormous public-relations and advertising budgets. It was a chance to deliver Butch Cassidy himself right into Datsun's lap, gift-wrapped in one of Sharp's own red, white and blue cars.

Newman would have none of it. "He wanted to avoid any suggestion that his racing was a publicity stunt," Sharp says. "He told me he would lease a car and pay us to maintain it, but he didn't want to be considered part of the team, and he wouldn't endorse any of my sponsors." For Sharp, a brilliant businessman who can see moneymaking opportunities in almost anything, it was the beginning of an always tantalizing and occasionally frustrating relationship.

Newman drove the sedan for a year, then missed a season while he was mak-

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PAUL NEWMAN

(CONTINUED)

ing *The Towering Inferno*. Under the terms of his movie contract, he was allowed to take weekends off for racing, but the demands of the film left little time for cars. Newman decided that in the future he would accept only roles in movies being made during the winter, racing's off-season. This was no small decision. It meant that moviemaking, which for most of his working life had been the primary source of his income and his worldwide celebrity, was now on an equal footing with a sport that earned him no money and up to that point had given him little indication that he would ever be successful at it. But he had been making movies for nearly 20 years; in a sense, he had done it all and was burned out, at least temporarily. He may even have sensed subconsciously that a fresh challenge was the only way to keep his creative juices flowing.

Oddly, there were skills that he had developed as an actor that had a definite carry-over into racing. One was a precise sense of timing. Even more important, though, was an ability to concentrate, unwaveringly and for extended periods of time. Stirling Moss used to say that the last thing he had learned as a

driver was concentration; for Newman it was the first.

I've seen him do public-service announcements for charities at the track. Up until the moment they wanted to shoot he would be joking around, not paying attention. And then, bang, he would just hit a button somewhere and his voice would drop, his right eyelid would lower to produce the famous Newman "look," and he would deliver the lines as if he had lived his whole life just to do that one thing. It is the same when the time comes to drive his racing car. "I never really thought about concentration one way or another until someone showed me a take from a picture called *The Outrage* that we were making down in New Mexico," says Newman. "It was a long shot, 500 mm, a head shot, just me walking around saying the lines. Finally, when the take was over, the camera drew back, the film still running, and you could see that there had been guys driving trucks through there and pulling lamps and yelling, and what had looked like an isolated moment wasn't that at all. It really amazed me when I realized that I could block out stuff like that."

It was after *The Towering Inferno* that

Paul's racing career really got under way. He practiced and practiced, and there was an orderliness to his approach that reminded me of someone carefully learning a foreign language by getting the grammar first, before the idioms. His biggest weakness, as I saw it, was that he had no background in cars. The entire character of a modern racing car can be changed in minutes by adjustments to the suspension, and a driver is expected to know how to adapt his car to a variety of different conditions. I would lean in the window and say I thought his car was handling a certain way, and he would say, "You gotta be kidding," and go on to describe an opposite characteristic.

Bit by bit, however, he became faster. And as he improved he became noticeably more relaxed around the pits. By the end of the year he had graduated from SCCA regional-level races to the more demanding national races, in which he was running against Sharp. Because Newman was so vague about technical matters, Sharp tested the car for him and set the suspension. Sharp was winning; Newman was coming home third or fourth. In Newman's steadily widening circle of racing friends there was speculation (incorrect, as it happens) that Sharp might not be putting quite as fine an edge on the adjustments to Newman's car as to his own. After all, how would he look if an aging movie star beat him?

Racing is full of such innuendo, of course, and Newman's movie career had been good preparation for this, too. "There's probably as much bull in racing as there is in Hollywood, which is really saying something," he says. "The difference is that in racing no one really takes it seriously. To me, that makes racing fun, and for the most part, I enjoy the people in racing a lot more than the people in Hollywood."

Nevertheless, in 1976 Newman decided it was time for a change. Bob Tullius was a driver with a team very much like Sharp's, except that he ran Triumphs with backing from British Leyland. Tullius was willing to sell Newman the Triumph TR-6 with which his team had won the national championship the year before. Paul bought the car and formed his own team, underestimating the demands it would eventually make on his time. At first, however, things went smoothly. With Tullius supplying advice and tech-

continued



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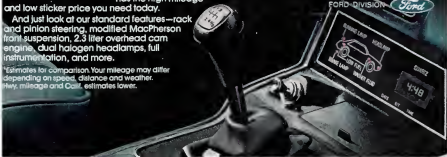
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PAUL NEWMAN

(CONTINUED)

tical know-how, Newman quickly adjusted to the faster car. And off the track Newman discovered that he could indulge his love of practical jokes with Tullius, something that wasn't possible with the intense Sharp. At one race Newman borrowed a garbage truck and had it repainted in the colors of Tullius' team. At another, he arranged for a 6' 4" man to dress like a hooker and come on to Tullius at an elegant reception British Leyland was giving. Tullius responded in kind. He persuaded the Georgia State Patrol to send two cars into the pits at Road Atlanta, lights flashing, to "arrest" Newman at his motor home. Newman saw them coming and was sneaking out a door when he was apprehended. The charge: impersonating a racing driver.

It turned out to be a false arrest—a few days later Newman drove the TR-6 to his first national championship. The true importance of these runoff races among the season's top four point winners from the seven SCCA divisions is often hard to judge, even for insiders. There are about 22 separate classes to accommodate cars ranging from street sedans with little more than a roll bar bolted into them and a top speed of 90 mph, all the way up to pure racing machines with top speeds of around 210 mph. Some of the classes are so competitive that even a driver of, say, Mario Andretti's ability would have trouble winning. Newman's victory had come in one of the most hotly disputed classes, but he had won largely by default, inheriting the lead as faster cars fell out.

That was in October 1976. For 1977 Newman decided to run the TR-6 for another season. His team, however, was too disorganized to cope with a car that needed intensive care on a regular basis. Breakdown followed breakdown, and Newman began looking for something else. Bob Sharp had retired from racing in 1976 and had hired two drivers in his place. I was one of them. I drove Sharp's 240Z during the 1977 season in a professional series run by the International Motor Sports Association (IMSA). I took the ride because, after 10 years of driving highly dangerous Indianapolis and Grand Prix cars and seeing several of my close friends killed, I was happy to be in a car that had a roof and a strong roll cage. The other driver handled the SCCA amateur races, and Sharp decided to offer Newman the deal for 1978.

Newman accepted. "Winning the national championship, even if there had been a lot of luck involved, had given him some self-confidence as a driver," Sharp says, "and as a result he was willing to let us use him for promotions and certain types of publicity." The big question was: How good would his driving be? It was one thing for Bob to have scored a major publicity coup, now, in order not to have it backfire, the team had to win. Bob says, "I had a lot of top men working long hours for me as race mechanics, and there was no way I could keep them if we didn't win."

Newman was to campaign two cars, a 160-mph Datsun 280Z and a slower, sedan-bodied 200SX. His first drive in the cars came at a pre-season test session on a chilly spring day at Lime Rock. I was there to test the car I would run in the IMSA series, and Gene Crowe, the crew chief, had asked me to take a few laps in Paul's cars. Newman still didn't know much about the cars, and the idea was for me to identify aspects in their handling that Paul would like, and for Gene to adjust the cars accordingly.

As Paul and I changed into our driving suits I noticed that he looked especially thin and fit. I asked him if he did any exercise. "I'm running three miles a day and I take a sauna every morning," he said. I said I guessed the sauna was probably a handy way of sweating off the six-packs he liked so much. Newman just grinned. Eyesight is critical in racing and Blue Eyes said his were still 20/20. He's lying about his age, I thought to myself, this man isn't 53, he's 35. But he was also plainly apprehensive.

Driving a racing car at Lime Rock, a track which has first corners and a rough surface, is like taking a speedboat through a turn over choppy water. The toughest corner comes at the end of the straight, where the road bends into a fast 180-degree right-hand sweeper, taken at about 95 mph, then tightens back on itself before a series of tight esses. The pavement has been frost-heaved into several small wave-like ridges that run diagonally across the track in the sweeper, and as it crosses these ridges a car is crushed down on its suspension one instant and is nearly airborne the next. Menacing trees and an earth bank flank a narrow runoff space to the outside. The turn is a sort of litmus test for drivers—they are either fast or slow, and any spectator can see it im-

mediately. Paul was fast. What is more, he was fast in both cars long before he was really familiar with them, which is the indication of a driver with a good sense of balance, not to mention a large dose of exuberance. In the pits, the mood of the team was jubilant. We realized this was not just a warmed-up version of the slow and steady Newman of the early days; he had made a quantum leap in speed. As Gene Crowe studied the temperatures of the tires and evaluated the suspension settings, an encouraging pattern emerged: Newman liked the car best when it was sliding the most. He liked to hang it out. This was the sure sign of the true racer. It also meant that as his confidence grew he would go even faster.

Paul's lap times that day were quick enough to establish him as the favorite to win his classes in the SCCA's Northeast division, and he went on to get eight wins in 13 races. But despite the wins, he was still far from being a polished driver. He was often too cautious in the opening laps, losing places he sometimes couldn't make up, and he made mistakes when other drivers put pressure on him from behind. But this was just inexperience; he still wasn't used to being the man to beat.

The most astonishing feature of his driving, however, was his brilliance in rain. Rain driving requires a blend of delicate balance and raw courage, and Newman seemed to have plenty of both. In one race run in a downpour at Lime Rock, he had a collision with another car on the first lap, dropped almost to last, and then proceeded to drive with wild abandon. The track was at its worst, slippery and unpredictable, and at no time, even on the straights, did he appear fully in control. Twice he misjudged the braking point for the first turn and had to take to the escape road. But he kept coming, and at the end of the 20-minute race he barely missed winning. It was exciting stuff, and I could sense the crowd pulling for him purely as a driver for the first time.

The Northeast division events were just practice, however; the real test was to come in the national championships at Road Atlanta. There he would race drivers who had won as often as he had and who had cars as fast as his. Under the circumstances, he needed his best possible performance just to stay even. "Sure I get nervous before a race," he

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said on the day of the first race he was scheduled to drive. "Who doesn't? It begins about 15 minutes before the start, a minor case of the shakes while I'm sitting there in the car. It's not from fear of being hurt, it's that I'm afraid I won't give a good performance. I get the same feeling when I'm waiting backstage for the curtain to go up." But when the curtain went up in Atlanta he wasn't ready. The pressure made him overcautious, and he didn't begin to show his speed until he was too far behind to win. Although he worked his way up to third in one race and second in the other, Road Atlanta was a step backward.

When Atlanta was over, Paul went off to make another movie, *The Day the World Ended* (released as *When Time Ran Out*), scheduled in the off-season so as not to conflict with his racing. Racing, including the setbacks in the national championships, was giving him what money couldn't buy and what acting no longer always demanded: a sense of struggle. I remember one night after practice in Atlanta, Paul, Gene Crowe and I were sitting in the team's motor home. Gene wanted to know what gear ratio to install in one of the cars. Paul was gloomy because he wasn't sure, and he was tense because it was a critical decision. He was slumped down, his driving suit off; all he had on was his sweat-soaked fireproof underwear. A couple of beer cans sat on the little table. "I don't know," he said several times. "What do you think?" But there are some choices only the driver can make, and he knew it.

As an actor, Paul enjoyed being involved at several levels: directing, scouting locations, reworking scripts. Now he decided to broaden his involvement with racing and become a part owner of a team running in the Cam-Am series. "In the back of my mind was the idea that someday I'd get too long in the tooth to drive myself, and I knew I didn't want to relinquish my connection with racing," he says. "I always thought the Cam-Am with, you know, those fabulous winged cars, was the most exotic racing anywhere. I liked the idea of being involved, of upgrading it if I could." Newman's team ran two hotly competitive cars with backing from Budweiser. His two drivers, Elliott Forbes-Robinson and Keke Rosberg, quickly became top names in the series.

Newman was committing so much

of his time and energy to racing that it raised questions about the future of his movie career. Ten years earlier he could have taken a sabbatical without worrying about staying in demand. But in the years since *The Sting*, films like *Slap Shot* and *Quinnet*, which he had wedged in between racing seasons, had failed at the box office as well as with critics. His fault or just bad movies? One thing was certain: by now he was too old to play his traditional role as Hud or Harper. It was an interesting irony: Paul's acting career was being affected by his age, while his racing career blossomed as he grew older.

Then came 1979. Having resisted previous impulses to try the more dangerous forms of racing, he decided to drive (in addition to the Datsuns) a Porsche in the 24-hour endurance races at Daytona and Le Mans. "I've thought a lot about the chances of getting hurt in racing," he said one day. "I'm not one of those people who just puts it out of his mind. I know the average guy can go to the office with a broken leg and on crutches, but there's simply no way I can get in front of those cameras if there's anything wrong." So far, Newman's worst scare had been a blown engine, which filled the cockpit with smoke; unable to find the door handle, he thought for a moment he might suffocate, but it turned out not to be a serious incident. However, driving a turbocharged, 700-horsepower Porsche—that was leading the pistol.

Daytona was inconclusive; Newman's Porsche broke down early in the game. Next came Le Mans. Paul was teamed with Dick Barbour, the owner of the car, and Rolf Stommelen, a highly experienced German ace. Partway into the race, it began to rain. At Le Mans rain is deadly because the track surface is exceptionally smooth and doesn't drain well. As your tires aquaplane across the puddles, the steering wheel jerks back and forth in your hands; a car may skate for several seconds before regaining its grip on the pavement. In such conditions, with a car going nearly 200 mph, sheer nerve counts as much as skill. Newman had a number of close calls. "I almost got caught passing a slower car at the fast kink in the straight," he says. "His spray was blinding me, but I thought when I got past him my wipers would

clear the windshield in time for me to see the next turn. But it turned out there was another car in front of him, my windshield didn't clear and I had to guess where I was. Another time, as I was coming out of the pits, it was raining pretty hard and the windshield was covered with water. But it turned out much of it was from the rooster tail of a slower car I never suspected was there. I nearly crawled right up that guy's back."

Despite the hazards of the race, the Newman-Barbour-Stommelen Porsche finished second. At Le Mans, this is one of the world's most famous races, and there was Newman on the victory stand, spraying champagne over a crowd of cheering Frenchmen. Three weeks later Newman and his teammates underscored their Le Mans success with another second place, this time in a six-hour race at Watkins Glen.

After this foray into the major leagues, Paul's appearances in the SCCA's Northeast division races took on the air of a Broadway star playing summer stock. Nevertheless, he attacked each race with a vengeance. In the sedan, Newman was undefeated, winning eight races in a row; with the team's new 280ZX, he won six of eight. He set lap records at most of the tracks on which he raced. He was hot. "It took seven years, but all at once things have started to pull together. I can feel it," he told me.

More than ever he was a magnet for the crowds and press. At Le Mans he'd been angered by the way the press exploited him. "I was out jogging in the country, 35 miles from Le Mans, at seven o'clock in the morning on one of those deserted roads," he said, "and here come these bastards leaning out of their car with their cameras, shooting every step I take. And during the race, when I'd try to go back to the camper to rest, there were so many of them clicking away and taking flash shots, it was like walking through a field of crickets." But back home, where he was driving in front of crowds that had watched him race in the days of the 510, he was willing to pose for his fans. Once, after one of these sessions, Newman appeared suddenly in the motor home, laughing. "That's it," he said. "No more for today. Some old dame just handed me her poodle and told me to hold it while she got the shot. All I am is a piece of meat—just a piece of meat on the circuit."

continued

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PAUL NEWMAN

Continued

Occasionally, his star aura was too much for his admirers. I came upon one man standing at the back of the crowd mumbling the same line over and over—rehearsing what he hoped to say to Paul. Women wanted to mother him; one, seeing a crush of people surrounding his car on the grid before a race, began screaming, "Can't you leave the poor dear alone?" and attempted to push people away; most of them were Newman's crew. Newman's success led to his speaking to reporters more often. A celebrity of his magnitude learns to be guarded in what he says, and the reporters (usually people out from the local paper) rarely knew anything about racing, so the interviews wound up studded with clichés like "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing." He repeated, word for word, certain stories that he thought were good until they lost most of their life. It was not that Paul lacked imagination, rather that he didn't trust his extemporaneous remarks and was afraid to disappoint people. So the star did a little memorizing of his own.

The sweep of the summer led inexorably to the national championships at Road Atlanta, which now loomed as races it would be embarrassing for Newman to lose. When I arrived at the track, I expected to find him tense and apprehensive. But instead of cloistering himself in his motor home as he often had in previous years, he spent hours sitting in a lawn chair on a grassy knoll above the pits, wearing cutoffs and a T shirt, reading a script. One afternoon I pulled a chair up next to his. Below us, crowded together, were trucks, motor homes and racing cars from all parts of the country. Newman's success meant that for 1980 he would have to choose between racing again in the same classes, which would be anticlimactic, or taking the step into a faster car.

"Whatever it is, I don't want to get in over my head," he said. "If I'd started 10 years earlier I might have wanted to do things differently, you know, try for the whole bull of wax. But I didn't, so there's no point in talking about that."

"I've got something else to think about, too," he continued, tossing the script on the grass and propping his feet up on a trash barrel covered with old decals. "My movie career is in shambles. I've got to do something about that, if I

can." There were two projects, he said, that he was interested in. The first was *The Shadow Box*, a Pulitzer prize-winning play he would direct for TV. The other was a movie, *Fort Apache: The Bronx*, in which he would star. As he gave me the details, I was surprised to find him so enthusiastic. For several years he had given the impression that acting was just the way he paid the rent. This was different, and it prompted me to ask if he was considering quitting racing to go back to acting full time.

"Yeah," he answered, "I have thought about it. I said to Joanne that I might retire now, if I won here." He paused. "I've had good equipment, safe equipment. That means a hell of a lot. Gene has been the best. I guess I thought there would come a point when I'd start getting slower and that would make me want to quit. But so far, as I've gotten older I've gotten faster, and now I guess I want to see how long that can continue."

Subsequently, in a meeting with Sharp, Newman made his plans for this year. The centerpiece of the program, which would involve racing in three different classes, was to be the construction of a turbocharged, 700-horsepower Datsun for the top class of IMSA competition. This monster car, with its wing, special aerodynamic ground effects and 200-mph-plus top speed, would be at least as fast as the Porsche Newman had driven at Le Mans. The Datsun, however, would be entered in much shorter races, and Newman would be obliged to push the unproved prototype to the limit, not drive it conservatively as a driver is expected to do in long-distance events. For the second time in less than a year, Newman was preparing to take a major step, not only into one of the fastest cars anywhere but also into the world of full-time professional drivers.

Then he went out with the small Datsun sedan, the car in which he had been undefeated all year, and blew the race. After a poor start he tangled with another car and went off the road. He recovered and finished third, but the race left no doubt that he had reverted temporarily to his form of 1978.

Newman's other race, for the 280ZX, was just a day away. The turbo car, which had been the subject of excited discussion among members of Sharp's team, was no longer mentioned; it would be a hollow undertaking if the man who

would drive it hadn't proved himself beyond doubt. The confidence of the whole team, not to mention a national championship, was at stake as Paul took to the track late the following afternoon. Races are won in all sorts of ways; this one Paul took in classic style, making a brilliant start, then pulling away at a lap-record pace from a field that included three previous national champions.

Scene Three: August 1980; an old Air Force base 65 miles north of New York City. The vast concrete stretches are occasionally used by Sharp's team to shake down its new cars. The huge Sharp transporter, dwarfed for once by the surroundings, rolls into view. Moments later Newman appears in a Volkswagen Rabbit convertible, top down. So far, his 1980 racing season has seasawed between success and failure. In his first race after Road Atlanta he extended his winning streak with a victory in an SCCA National at Riverside, and then, in his first professional race of the year he took an excellent third at Road Atlanta in April. From there, things turned sour. Minor accidents at Lime Rock and Brainerd, Minn. were followed by the first major crash of his career. It happened at Golden State Raceway in Sonoma, Calif., and I was following Paul on the track at the time. I rounded a curve to find his car on its roof, its wheels in the air. As I pulled to a stop he was scrambling out through the window, bleeding from a cut on his forehead. Four days later, demonstrating conclusively that he had been unaffected by the crash, he drove one of his finest races, finishing second in one of IMSA's toughest professional events.

Now Sharp's men have the turbo Datsun out of the transporter. The car, amazing in its close-to-the-ground appearance and its suggestion of raw power, crouches on the runway. Gene Crowe wields up the 700-horsepower engine. Paul climbs aboard, settles himself into the cockpit, which is tailor-made to fit him. He has told me that he is ambivalent about the car, worried that its awesome performance will perhaps be too much for him.

He puts it in gear and drives off. In seconds the car is a thin red sliver in the distance. Then Paul circles back to the transporter and stops the engine. He is grinning.

"It's beautiful," he says.

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ON THE SCENE

by **DE GILBERT**

STUDEBAKER LOVERS RALLY ROUND A MASSIVE SHOW-AND-TELL CONVENTION

A few miles south of Gettysburg, Pa., near the town's National Military Park, there stands the remains of an awful example of Tourist Trap Tacky architecture. It had been a shopping mall-amusement park combo built to a vaguely international motif, with plywood and cement pyramids, Dutch-style windmills, medieval battlements and worse. Fortunately, it proved to be as unsuccessful as it was unattractive, and is now empty. Its optimistically large parking lot, however, is still usable, and on one sweltering weekend last month it served—fittingly, considering the defunct background—as a rendezvous point for some 2,500 people drawn by their common admiration for Studebaker automotive products.

Most of those present were attending the 16th International Meet of the Studebaker Drivers Club, Inc., which, with more than 9,000 members, claims to be the world's biggest appreciation society for any marque. The club members brought with them, to be displayed and judged on the parking lot, some 700 Studebaker cars and trucks, and this probably constituted the largest and shiniest such collection to be seen since 1963, when the Studebaker Corporation halted auto production at its main factory in South Bend, Ind. The members spent three days milling about among the elderly vehicles, swapping parts and talking about what a loss to society it is that this beautiful and efficient automobile is no longer manufactured. Many reasons were offered for the demise, but the consensus was that the engineering and styling of the Studebaker had been too far ahead of their time to suit the taste of most Americans.

In this connection the name of Sherwood Egbert was reverently invoked as often as that of Robert E. Lee might be at a gathering of the Children of the Confederacy. Egbert was president of Studebaker from 1961 to 1963 and fought valiantly, according to the SDCers, to keep the car in production. SDCers feel

that Egbert could have saved the Studebaker if a serious illness had not obliged him to resign.

The SDC meet was not only an unusual display of machines but also an excellent demonstration of how the competitive collecting urge can be organized into a powerful, sometimes obsessive, recreational interest. Standing beside a Bermuda-blue 1937 Dictator, so highly glossed that the reflection from its body burned the eyeballs, Frank Mitchell, a mechanical engineer from Carlisle, Ontario, talked about his car. He said that five years ago he bought the Dictator for \$2,700 and since then had spent 1,500 hours bringing it to its present gleaming state. "I wanted to work on an older auto," he said, "but I wasn't all that taken with the other mass-produced marques. I did considerable research and concluded, as everybody else here has, that the Studebaker was an exceptionally fine car, worthy of being preserved."

Mitchell, like many of the other exhibitors, drove his ancient beauty to the convention—in his case, 400 miles. One of the brags of the SDCers is that some 50,000 Studebakers are still used for daily transportation. "Outsiders are amazed at how easy it is to get parts," says Max Corkins Jr., the SDC national president, who owns 43 Studebaker cars and trucks. "We do a lot of swapping and there are more do-it-yourselfers in the SDC than in most of the other major auto clubs. We keep in touch. If I'm traveling and break down, there are few places in the country where it will take me longer than 48 hours to get any part I need." There are parts exchanges between club members, and two South Bend, Ind. firms (Newman & Altman Inc., and Avanti Parts Corp.) sell both old and newly manufactured Studebaker parts. The Avanti Motor Corporation also builds new Avantis, the popular sporty Studebaker introduced in 1962. The firm turns out 200 a year.

Two of the oldest representatives of the marque, a pair of electric cars, circa 1907 and 1911, didn't arrive at Gettysburg under their own power. This was understandable because of their fragility—the bodies are wooden and the fenders leather—and because the 48-volt batteries give them a cruising range of barely 50 miles. However, they were trucked to the meet in a 1964 Transar Studebaker diesel which, like the electric, is owned by Carroll Studebaker, an electrical contractor and supplier in Dayton, Ohio. De-

spite his ancestry (none of the family was directly associated with the auto works after 1933) Studebaker didn't become a collector until recently. "I was too busy and couldn't afford this sort of thing," he says, "but then I found these electric, one in Massachusetts and the other in Kansas. I've been hooked ever since, not just because of the family association but because they're such interesting pieces of machinery. Another thing is that coming to these meets is a good ego booster. They treat me like God because of the name."

Carroll Studebaker says that because of their sentimental value his two electric cars are priceless. The market value of such models is subjective, depending on both how badly the owner wants to sell and how badly the buyer wants to purchase one. Among SDCers, however, there is the notion that the cars could bring about \$50,000 each. Another Studebaker of interest at the meet was a great ornate touring car, originally built in 1931 for the governor of Pennsylvania, Gifford Pinchot. The car was used in the governor's inauguration parade and its present owner says he has refused \$100,000 for it.

Because they were unique in their classes, the electric cars owned by Carroll Studebaker and the former Pinchot vehicle won uncontented awards at the Gettysburg meet. However, among the more common models, competition for trophies was stiff. All the cars had to be operative enough to be driven into the judging lot. Once there, they were scrutinized meticulously to determine how authentically and artistically they had been preserved or restored.

So high were the standards that no car was judged to be in perfect condition. Frank Mitchell, with his blue 1937 Dictator, came close and won the best-in-show award for six-cylinder cars dating from 1934 to 1946. Out of a possible 200 quality points Mitchell received 199. The single point was deducted because of a pinhead-sized corrosion hole on an inside doorplate.

"It isn't just nit-picking," said Harry Crosson, the meet's publicity director. "You need standards if you're going to build up and maintain the reputation of the marque, and that basically is the common interest we all share. We want the name Studebaker to be remembered forever, or for at least as long as any car is remembered."

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 11-17

Created by RDY & JOHNSON

PRO FOOTBALL—Los Angeles reached the Super Bowl for the first time ever last season, but the Rams are falling in Andrews' hallway through the 1980 recession. The Rams' 1981 season is a disaster. The team is 1-10 after a 10-0 start. The Rams' 1981 season is a disaster. The team is 1-10 after a 10-0 start. The Rams' 1981 season is a disaster. The team is 1-10 after a 10-0 start.

GOLF—CURTIS STRANGLE shot an 11-under-par 273 to win the \$400,000 Wachneer Classic at Harrison N.Y. He finished two strokes ahead of L. Ross Gilman.

ARNOLD PALMER shot a new-under-par 271 a stroke better than Ian Anni, to win the Canadian Professional Golfers' Association title in Edmonton. It was Palmer's first North American tournament win in seven years.

JULIE SIMPSON INKSTER of Santa Cruz Calif. de Grand Prix River of Hudson Fla. two-up to win the U.S. Women's Amateur at Hutchinson Kan.

BETTE DANIEL, shown here under her 1990s name, is with the

\$100,000 Party Boat Cruise in St. Paul by two strikes.
over Hollis Stacy

HARNESS RACING—NIATROSS, driven by Clay Gulbraith, set a world pacing record of 1:52 1/2 for the mile in a special invitational race in Syracuse. The 3-year-old colt was 21 lengths ahead as the finish.

CLASSICAL WAY (57:55) driven by John Simpson Jr., defeated Ferns Evander and Idan de Guzman, who finished in a dead heat, by 1½ lengths to win the \$250,000 Risenstar International Trot at Westbury, N.Y. The 4-year-old mare, who gave the U.S. its third consecutive win in the event, was timed in 2:35½ for the 1½ miles.

HORSE RACING—SPECTACULAR END (\$2.20), ridden by Bill Shoemaker, defeated Glimmer Song by 1 1/4 lengths to win the \$185,000 Amery L. Stakes Hand-

TEMPERANCE HILL (59-60), Eddie Maple up, finished 1½ lengths ahead of Fast Albert as was the \$168,300 Travers Stakes at Saratoga. The 3-year-old colt was timed at 2:02½ for the 1½-mile course.

MOTOR SPORTS—JEAN-PIERRE LABOUILLE of France, driving a Renault Turbo, averaged 138.7 mph in winning the Austrian Grand Prix in Zeltweg on the 3.69-mile Österreichring circuit. He finished 1.2 seconds ahead of Alan Jones of Australia in a Williams-Ford.

SCORER—NASSL. Growing into the first week of the season, only five teams have no chance for a playoff berth and three teams are in contention for first place in the ASC East and West. Point Landerbilt (17-11) won its only game of the week, beating Los Angeles 3-2 on an overtime goal by Teófilo Cubillas. Despite two losses, the other 3-2 whipping by San Diego, the Aztecs (17-11) have secured a playoff berth. The San Diego Sockers (17-11) were the only team to lose in the NWSL, West Coast (18-12) defeated the Aztecs (17-11) 4-1 and moved into first in the ASC East. Yet New England (17-13), which defeated ASC West Lander California (15-16) 4-1 and the Mariners can still catch the Rowdies. The Surf's clinch lead diminished when the second-place Sockers (16-15) shut out Houston (17-2-5) in the 10th minute of the first half of a 1-0 victory. The Aztecs' 1-0 win was the second goalless tie, allowing a mere 1-32 a game. Earlier in the week, Hurricane Geyard hit Monterrey.

Indicated ASAC Central/Leader Chicago 1-6 (the only score being a disastrous goal by Carlos Perea). The Sox also lost to NSC West/Leader Seattle 3-1 at home when Mark Parnett got a hit and a walk for the Sounders 125-61. NSC East leader New York 123-8 edged Atlanta 3-2 and lost to Washington 2-1. In the NSC Central Division (17-12) and Minnesota (15-13) have both overhauled Totals, which led the division for eight weeks earlier in the season but has lost 12 of its last 17 games. Last week the Roughriders (14-17) dropped another—3-1 to the Trailblazers—but beat Rochester 3-2 at home. The Knicks defeated Memphis 4-2 on two ASAC battles, but couldn't catch Dallas, which beat Atlanta 1-0, as the five teams eliminated from playoff contention.

ASL. With three weeks left before the playoffs, Penn State is making a break from the field. The Sooners (17-4) won twice, defeating Cleveland (9-14) 2-0 and New York (13-10) 0-0, thereby widening their National Conference lead to 33 points over the United American Conference leader Sacramento (11-14) beat California (10-10) 1-0 on a goal by Malcolm Pibby at 80:43 while Miami (11-13) was losing to Golden Gate 3-0. Forward Matt Roeder, the league's leading scorer, had a goal and two assists for the Cougars 7-3, 32.

WINNING—JOE BOTTOM of Walnut Creek, Calif. set a world record of 22.71 in the 50-meter freestyle at a meet in Honolulu. He broke by .12 the mark set by Bruce Sutter in April.

FINISH—IVAN LENCZ of Czechoslovakia won the \$125,000 Canadian Open in Toronto where Burnie Tong, who won the first set 6-4 but trailed 5-4 in the second, defaulted because of a knee injury. CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Virginia Ruessci 6-3, 6-1 for the women's title.

RACE & FIELD—TATYANA KAZANKINA of the Soviet Union set a women's world record of 3:52.5 in the 1,500-meter run in Zurich, shaving 2.5 off her own mark set in July. In the same race, MARY DECKER established an American women's record of 3:59.5, 6 seconds off the mark she set the day before in Budapest.

CREDITS

16-51—Manny Milán 12-19—Dan Belkoff 18—Carl Sajak 19—Carl Sajak/Topi George Tiedemann 20—George Tiedemann 30-31—Rus Adams 38D Ken Regan Camera 5 42—Bill Copridge 37—John Iacono 44—Andy Hay 50-51—Ellen Grossbeck 52-53—Andy Hay (bottom right) Ellen Grossbeck 52 54, 55—Ellen Grossbeck 57—John Pender Newsline Press/1

FACES IN THE CROWD



LARRY KNIGHT
Executive Director

Larry, a *Java* graduate of Lookout Valley High, had a three-year pitching record of 34-5, 470 strikeouts in 2,175 innings, four no-hitters, including a perfect game, and 13 one-hitters. This season he also bettered 400 with 14 home runs.

FOSTER CAMPBELL
Full House

Foster, 19, and Berk, 15, won the boys' and girls' titles, respectively, in the Baltimore Washington Youth Duckpin Bowling Invitational in Laurel, Md. Campbell, who rolled eight games on the last day, beat Kenrick Keenan in the final by 12 pins. Yangling set world junior records for five-, 10- and 15-game sets before routing defending champion Melanie Gonsky by 62 pins. Earlier she also set the world junior three-game mark with a 306 set.



CINDY RICHTER
Sally's Book, 2010

Cindy, 17, won her third straight WISAA girls' 440-yard dash title in an association-record 58.9 at the state meet in Appleton. She also won her second 220—in a record 25.8—and her first 100 yards, and placed fourth in the long jump.

A.L. (PETEY) JACOBSON
Eugene, OR

Jacobs, 64, the baseball coach at the Collegiate Schools, has a 19-year record of 365-97. In 13 years in the Virginia Prep League his teams have won eight titles and finished second five times. His basketball-coaching record was 447-167.



PAME GLEASON
Page 53

Pam, a fifth-grade pitcher in the Brunswick Minor League, had nine of her unbuttoned softball team's 12 wins and tossed 639. In a game in the Hudson Mohawk Minor all-star tournament, she threw a no-hitter, struck out 17 and ate three bats.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE OLYMPICS

Sir,

Congratulations on the magnificent photographs of the Moscow Olympics. I was especially thrilled with the pole-vault sequence in the Aug. 11 issue (*How's This, Mrs. Mul-tory?*). Wladyslaw Kosakiewicz' defiant gesture to the jeering Moscovites was pure drama. He was speaking not only for himself but also for the entire Polish nation, which has long suffered under Russian tyranny. Thanks for capturing this classic moment.

DENNIS D. KENDRICK
Memphis

Sir,

Thank you for the delightful cover picture of Sebastian Coe. I had a chance to watch the Moscow Olympics on BBC television while I was on vacation. Coe's jubilation was the only spontaneously happy emotion I saw expressed during the Games. To have it recreated on your cover just made my day.

MAAGIE GIBSON
Alameda, Calif.

Sir,

My hat is off to Miruts Yifter for his great 5,000- and 10,000-meter victories, but I think it is somewhat misleading to say no one could have beaten him. I'm sure Henry Rono would have been a formidable opponent.

BOB ORR
Marietta, Ohio

Sir,

In Paris, just 10 days before the Moscow 10,000, our own Craig Virgin ran the distance in 27:29.2, clearly a superior time to Miruts Yifter's winning 27:42.7. Not only did Virgin break his own American record by more than 10 seconds, but he also became the only runner besides Henry Rono to break the 27:30 barrier.

BILL LEWIN
Woodside, N.Y.

Sir,

My compliments to Paul Zimmerman on his Olympic weightlifting piece (*He Huffed and He Puffed*, but . . . Aug. 11). He showed the human side of former champion Vasily Ivanovich Alekseyev, who is considered by most to be an overweight bad guy. I was disappointed, however, that the feat of the 162-pound champion went unmentioned. Yurik Vardanyan of the U.S.S.R. lifted a world-record two-lift total of 882 pounds, only 88 pounds less than the Olympic superheavyweight record set by Alekseyev and tied by new champion Sultan Rakhmanov. Vardanyan is some 140 pounds lighter than Rakhmanov and 175 pounds lighter than Alekseyev. Vardanyan's performance, which was certain-

ly one of the greatest in weightlifting history, would have won him the gold in the next two higher weight classes.

ERIC WINTER
Newark, Del.

MAKE WAY FOR HEARNS

Sir,

How could you deprive Thomas Hearns of your Aug. 11 cover? Sebastian Coe won the 1,500 and stopped Overt's streak, but his performance was lackluster considering his time of 3:38.4 and the media buildup the pair received. Furthermore, I thought you were only going to report on the Olympics, not give them the honor of two cover stories. What happened to supporting the boycott?

Hearns totally dominated a proven champion in welterweight Pepino Cuevas. In the months and years ahead, when Hearns disposes of two men you have highly publicized—Sugar Ray Leonard and Roberto Duran—and then takes the junior-middleweight, middleweight and light-heavyweight titles, you're going to regret the goof you made by withholding the celebrity he deserved.

THOMAS J. NASH
Ann Arbor, Mich.

BIG HIT

Sir,

It is comforting to know that there is at least one athlete who combines good looks, talent and total dedication to his sport in a classy and unpretentious manner (*By George, He's Some Hitter*, Aug. 11). Whether he goes 0 for 4 or 4 for 4, how can anyone not love Kansas City's George Brett? Thank you for a wonderful inside look at the hottest hitter in baseball.

MELISSA PARKER
Potomac, Md.

Sir,

It's great to see the enthusiasm of George Brett portrayed so well. Such a well-rounded player deserves the recognition that you've given him. It's his attitude toward the game that makes me want to stand up and root for his team.

ROSA MONTEZ
Whittier, Calif.

Sir,

It is a tribute to George Brett's athletic talent and to his personality that the recent renegotiation of his contract was overshadowed by his accomplishments on the field.

NOEL SMITH
Littleton, Colo.

BIG TROUBLE

Sir,

Many baseball fans here in New England empathize with the fans of the hapless San Diego Padres (*A Team in Trouble*, Aug. 11).

In less than three seasons we have seen the financial skills and baseball acumen of owners Haywood Sullivan and Buddy LeRoux transform the Boston Red Sox from a pennant contender into a dreary team striving to reach mediocrity. While the Padres aspire to "be like the Baltimore Orioles," Sox fans wonder how many on the current Boston pitching staff could hold their own against the Taiwan Little League All-Stars.

For the Padres, William Nack suggests that an albatross would be a more appropriate choice of mascot than a chicken. For the current Soxos, how about a pair of turkeys?

GILBERT S. OSBORN
Acton, Mass.

Sir,

In your article about the troubled San Diego Padres, you suggest that Ray Kroc's son-in-law, Padre President Bullard Smith, brought to his job no more experience than that of a district attorney in the state of Pennsylvania.

I feel compelled to advise you that during his undergraduate years at Carleton College in Northfield, Minn., Smith was a star and, I believe, team captain in what was called the Marvin Rotblatt Softball League. I can think of no better preparation for the man who now oversees the Padres.

MICHAEL C. NEU
Racine, Wis.

WHO'S ON THIRD?

Sir,

In your Aug. 11 issue, Henry Hecht submits that the Mets have never been able to field a quality third baseman (*Can't Anyone Play Third?*). This may be true, but neither they nor any other team in baseball can match the San Diego Padres in this regard. For every Pumpke Green the Mets can name, the Padres can counter with an Ed Spiezio, Or a Tucker Ashford, Or a Dave Hilton. At least New York once had Lenry Randle and Richie Hebner, the best that San Diego has had is an aging Doug Rader. Small wonder that Mike Ivie once refused to play the position for the Padres. He had a tough act to follow.

DAVID SCHMELZER
El Cajon, Calif.

Sir,

We now know that Abbott and Costello must have foreseen the Mets' predicament when they put *I Don't Know on Third*.

ROBERT J. LANNON
Cheltenham, Pa.

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